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Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS FEBRUARY 17, 1951

COMBING THE HAYSTACK

By MARGARET COUSINS

James B. Conant, author of "Science and Common Sense." (See page 14)

Ten New Talents

By HARRISON SMITH

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Beef Magna Cum Laude

Anybody is a fine judge of beef—after the first bite.

But nobody—that's right, nobody—can squint an eye at a steer in the feed lot, a side of beef in the cooler, or a steak on the broiler and tell precisely how tender and juicy it's going to taste on your fork.

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February 17, 1951

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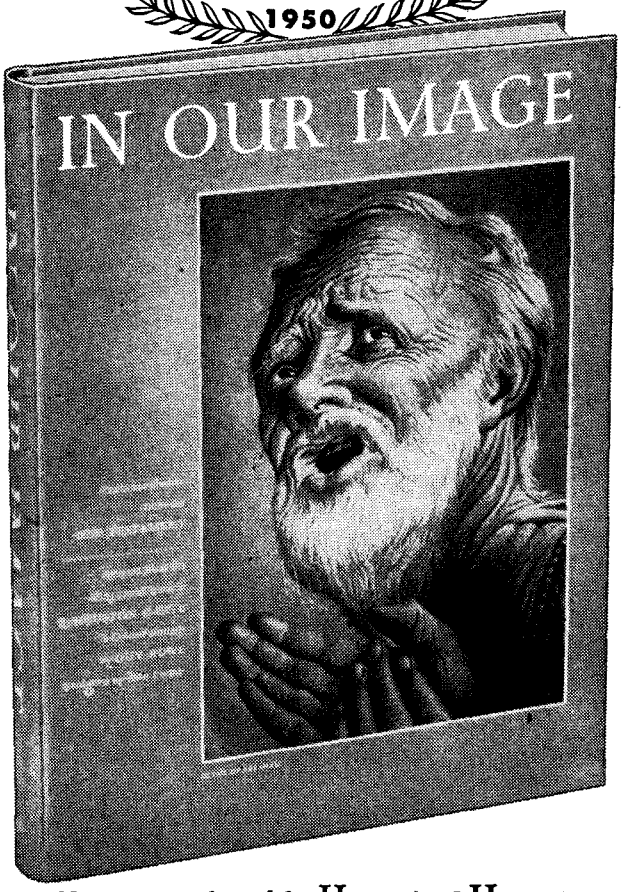

Narratives selected by HOUSTON HARTE

Paintings by GUY ROWE

Foreword by Kent Cooper

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TRADE Winds

THE MAGIC GRAUER

IF WE *MUST* have commercials on radio and television—and who is going to stop them?—let us at least have them delivered by a man like Ben Grauer. Ben at the ripe old age of forty-two is celebrating his twentieth anniversary in radio. It is estimated that his authoritative, mellow voice has come over the ether on more than 70,000 occasions. Whether he was boosting a beer, hand lotion, or vitamin pills, describing with amazing clarity the turmoil on the floor of a political convention, ad-libbing stroke by stroke a championship golf match, or narrating Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf" with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, Grauer never for one instant lost his dignity or calm. On the side he always found time to pitch in and help actively any cause in which he believed. For this he has risked reprisals from reactionaries—but what courageous liberal does not face the same hazard these days? For his honesty and forthrightness TRADE WINDS salutes this fellow graduate of P. S. Ten and wishes him another twenty years of triumph in his chosen field.

Grauer's first sponsor was a balogna manufacturer. A dozen other aspirants for the job pronounced the product meticulously "bah-lone-yah" in the audition. Ben stuck to the every day pronunciation of "baloney." The program director sought to give him the brush for daring to be colloquial but the sponsor unerringly selected him, commenting, "Give me the man who says it like I make it."

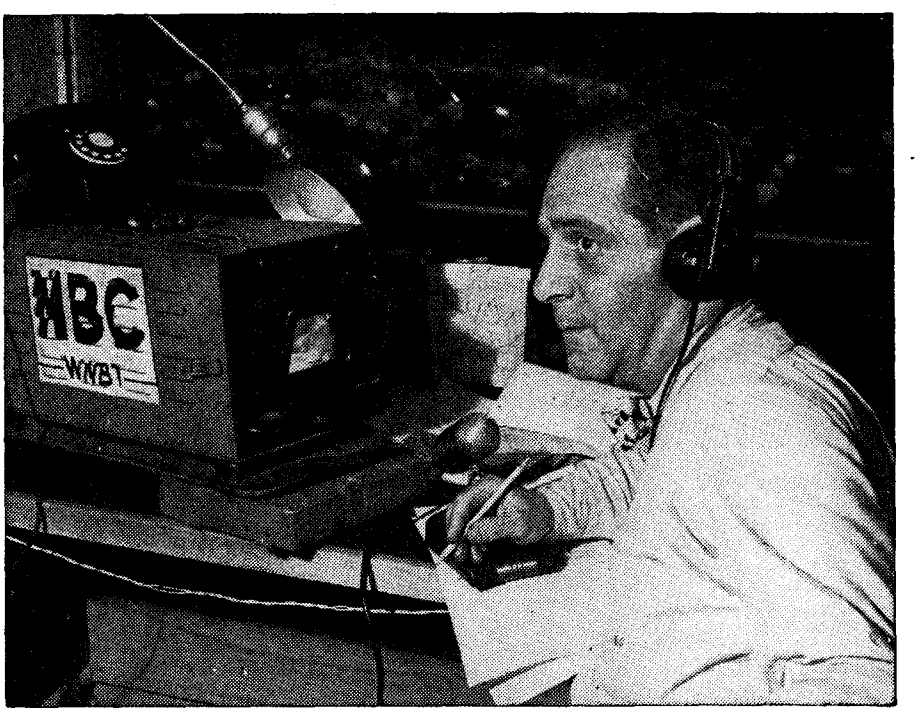
In the crowded years that followed Grauer made a broadcast from under water at Jones Beach, gave away the first telephone money on radio (on the Pot o' Gold program), slept on the fingerprint files of the Jersey State Police the night before the verdict was reached on the Lindbergh kidnaping case, put the first survivor on the air at the Morro Castle disaster, MC'd a goat beauty contest for the opening of Bock Beer Season, and labored for sixteen consecutive hours on TV reporting the Truman-Dewey Presidential returns in 1948. Describing a parade during the depression days of 1933 from a blimp hovering over Fifth Avenue Grauer intoned, "This signalizes the first step toward rehabilitating the nation's unemployed. . ." Then he suddenly stopped. That "first step" was almost a fatal one for Grauer. The trap door of the blimp, right next to the microphone, had just swung wide open! Another time an announcer for a short-wave program to South America asked him to say a few words in Spanish about a just completed trip through Mexico. Grauer stammered, "Estoy embarasada," and was waved frantically away from the microphone. It developed that instead of saying "I am embarrassed" as he had intended he actually had confided to the listening audience that he was pregnant.

On one symphony broadcast Grauer had to introduce Mieczeslaw Horoszowski, who is not only a noted Polish pianist but a formidable mouthful over the radio. To make certain of the pronunciation Grauer checked with Monsieur H. himself, who assured him that the last syllable of his first name was not pronounced "Slaff" but "Swaff." Ben practised for an hour and brought it off beautifully, he thought. When the concert was concluded, however, a Polish trombonist demanded "What was this 'Swaff' business you kept saying? That name is pronounced 'Slaff.'" "You must be wrong," Ben assured him. "Horoszowski told me himself." "Bah," scoffed the trombonist. "You can't go by him. He lisps!"

A typical Grauer day began by a photographer calling to make an appointment to take his picture for an article in a big magazine. "Fine," said Grauer. "Be at the ninth-floor elevator entrance at 12:18 P. M." "Why so precise?" queried the photographer. Grauer explained, "I finish a commercial on the seventh floor at 12:15 and a half. I have to be in Studio 9C for a spot a 12:24. And I open the Salute to Youth broadcast at 12:30." The picture was taken at exactly 12:18.

At a luncheon to celebrate Grauer's anniversary the guests included former Secretary of War Patterson, Judge Pecora, H. V. Kaltenborn, Quent Reynolds, John Crosby, Tex McCrary, Abel Green, Ben Gross, and dozens of the leading executives in the radio field. I had the deep pleasure of sitting next to Jimmy Durante. One of the speakers, singing Ben's praises, pointed out, "And in addition to all his other accomplishments Ben is a keen and tireless bibliophile." Durante whispered hoarsely in my ear, "If any man ever called me a ting like dat, I'd bust him right in de nose."

IT SEEMS TO ME that the program called "What's My Line," visible every Sunday night on CBS at 10:30, Eastern time, is the most consistently amusing TV panel show that's been



Ben Grauer reporting the Malik-Austin debate—"never lost his calm."

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devised in years. It's a Goodson-Todman production, sponsored by "Stopette," and the regular panelists are those two unfailingly amusing and "hep" girls Arlene Francis and Dorothy Kilgallen, plus prankster Hal Block and the gravel-voiced poet and pundit Louis Untermeyer. John Daly is a suave and disarming M.C. Each week four or five contestants parade in turn before the experts, who are then faced with the problem of guessing the contestants' occupations. Their question can only be answered by a "yes" or a "no," and for each "no" the contestant receives five dollars in cash. To complicate the problem, the most glamorous and slinky females usually turn out to be chiropodists' assistants and males who look like fullbacks on the Chicago Bears reveal themselves ultimately as pet-shop proprietors or tea tasters. Every week in addition there's one "mystery celebrity." The panel is blindfolded and must guess the identity of the celeb by the sound of his (or her) voice (usually disguised) and the evasive answers to pointed questions.

One Sunday Dizzy Dean was the mystery celebrity. The panel established the facts that he was from the South and that he was a sports figure but then frankly was stumped. Dorothy Kilgallen broke up the show by declaring, "If he didn't sound so intelligent, I'd swear he was Dizzy Dean!" Elsa Maxwell attempted to mislead the panel by speaking in a squeaky soprano voice. When a few moments later she answered in her normal deep tones Arlene Francis opined, "Whoever she is, she's just aged twenty years." One of the biggest audience howls went up when Block asked Mystery Celebrity Artie Shaw, "Have you ever been married?" And the night Untermeyer asked Rocky Graziano, "Are you a pugilist?" Rocky had a hurried consultation with M. C. Daly and answered, "Nah—I'm just a fighter."

The regular contestants who evoked the biggest laughs on the program were, respectively, a mattress tester, a diaper service man,

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 881)

ABRAHAM MYERSON:
SPEAKING OF MAN

Women are . . . not generally understood. . . . All of the dominant religions have established women, as Eve or Pandora, as the source of the evils that befell mankind, and the cause of his expulsion from a paradise in which he never dwelt.

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as a prodigious man of letters"

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"Within his work it would be impossible to find so good a novel."
—JUSTIN O'BRIEN, *N. Y. Times*

"Sartre . . . can project the enigma and the agony of human relationships. . . . *Troubled Sleep* . . . manifests Sartre's marvelously acute stagecraft. . . . [With it] Sartre affirms his place among the most eloquent diagnosticians of our age."—FREDERIC MORTON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"A sustained climax in a tragic drama of blood and ashes. . . . A powerful and compelling book and a grim reminder."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS

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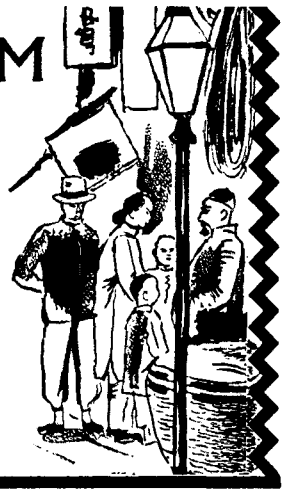
THE YELLOW STORM



In this story of the street in Peiping called the Little Sheep Fold and the men and women who lived there under the Japanese occupation, a major novelist has composed a major novel so full of human insight that it transcends national boundaries and shows us our neighbors — and ourselves — in foreign dress under an Eastern sky. *Translated by Ida Pruitt.* $4.00

BY **LAU SHAW**
author of **RICKSHAW BOY**

The Fire in the Dust

The alien, the exotic Goldens, who kindle a fire in the dusty lives of their neighbors, "become people who live in our memories. But the main character is an Irish provincial city with its isolated social and inturned emotional life . . . *The Fire in the Dust* is so well written that one can see it marks the rise of a new novelist."—PADRAIC COLUM. $3.00

BY **FRANCIS MacMANUS**

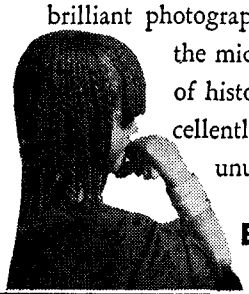
OLD HERBACEOUS

Everyone who loved the England of Mr. Chips and Mrs. Miniver will love the green and pleasant land of Old Herbaceous. This novel of the gardener at the Manor is "enchanting — fresh as an English spring, fragrant as sweet lavender." — A. J. CRONIN. "A book to warm the heart of anyone who loves earth or gardens." — LOUIS BROMFIELD. "The perfect book to give your friends." —JOHN KIERAN. $2.00

BY **REGINALD ARKELL**

JOURNEY TO *Siwa*

Through Robin Maugham's perceptive prose and Dmitri Papadimou's brilliant photographs, the strange and fearsome oasis of Siwa, in the middle of the Egyptian desert, dark with 2500 years of history, casts its spell on the reader of this book. "Excellently conveys the features and atmosphere of a most unusual place."—*Times Literary Supplement.* $3.75



BY **ROBIN MAUGHAM**
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and a girl disc jockey. You can imagine for yourselves the questions that caused the most confusion.

Tune in on "What's My Line" some Sunday evening. I think you'll enjoy it.

WHILE I'M ON this foray into the fields of TV and radio I'd like to lead a cheer for the awarding of a weekly solo spot to the ex-school teacher from Brooklyn, Sam Levenson, the most original and fresh new comic who's appeared over the horizon in years, and another to the one and only Tallulah Bankhead and her rousing Big Show. References to the star's longevity, however, are growing increasingly unfunny.

My pet aversions at the moment are those ham actors who turn up endlessly on commercials in white surgical robes to report on complicated and dreary laboratory tests for dentifrices and cigarettes. And what's so wonderful, incidentally, about every cigarette being so mild nobody can even taste it? Maybe those sponsors are miscalculating the toughness of male smokers. I have a notion that the first cigarette maker who announces a brand that's so strong, pungent, and full-bodied it will knock your teeth out will sell a billion packs in two weeks.

DON'T BOTHER telling me that I've usurped the prerogatives of John Crosby in this column. By the time it appears I expect to be dunking my body in the spacious pool at La Quinta, California, with the nearest radio set thirty miles away in Palm Springs.

—BENNETT CERF.

Autonomy

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

I WEEP that this should be:
That you who love me most
Are most my enemy,
Repelled at bitter cost.

For though I give uncurbed
In love, my self endures,
My essence not absorbed
Nor fused and lost in yours.

And what of me remains
Intrinsic and apart,
Not channeled in your veins,
Is poison to your heart.

Yet should this sovereign seed,
This element abdicate,
The whole you love and need
Must then disintegrate.

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Ten New Talents

By HARRISON SMITH

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week* SRL *presents its eighth annual survey of new talent in the field of fiction. In the following article Harrison Smith discusses the writers whose first work, published during* 1950, *was received warmly by the nation's critics. Ten of the most promising of the newcomers are profiled by Eloise Perry Hazard, of the* SRL *editorial staff, in "Notes on the Novices," on page* 9. *Margaret Cousins (no relation to* SRL *editor Norman Cousins), managing editor of* Good Housekeeping, *describes the search for new writers now being conducted by the editors of the large-circulation magazines in "Combing the Haystack," on page* 12.

ANY ACCOUNT of the most significant books of writers new to fiction published in this country in the course of 1950 must be based on one's personal and often prejudiced opinion. None of the reviewers engaged in the task of sorting out the weekly or monthly outpouring of novels and collections of short stories are infallible; all of them have their prejudices and even moral convictions which may blind them to the merit of a work that reveals a new and authentic experience in the art of fiction or a genuine talent whose first endeavor shows promise for the future. There are many hidden traps in the way of an honest report of this nature—among them a feeling of kinship with an author who has written in a style one happens to admire or whose theme illustrates a conviction that is emotionally or intellectually akin to the critic's. Then there is the author whose struggle to get a first book into print appeals to even the slightest feeling of generosity and fair play or an author whose characters and their deeds seem debased or loathsome, chosen to shock and in other ways to appeal to what are known as the reader's baser instincts.

All of these traps for the unwary must be cleared away and also any feeling that an author included in such a list must reveal an ability to continue to produce books of equal merit. There have been many fine novels which have never had a successor, many writers who have one story to tell and must thereafter play variations on the same theme or remain silent. The one-book novelists are not difficult to discover, for they write from a single personal experience which has had so strong a hold on their imaginations that they are unlikely to discover in the future another of equal power. An examination of the books chosen only over the last three years is a melancholy proof of this. How many readers can remember the names of authors of the best war novels published in 1948 or those that resulted from our occupation of Germany and Japan—such as "Dario," "The Steeper Cliff," "The Side of the Angels," "The Black Fountains"? What was the title of Jean Bloch-Michel's book, Elio Vittorini's, Van Van Praag's, Fritz Peters's, or William Sansom's, all of them among the thirteen chosen by *SRL* at this time last year from those published in 1949. That recent authors of fine works of fiction or their books are not easily recalled today need not signify that they may not write other distinguished books in the years to come, but it does illustrate the ephemeral nature of a good deal of contemporary writing, as well as the indifference of the reading public to the best in favor of the most popular. How many readers are there, for example, who cannot recall John Horne Burns as the author of that fine war novel "The Gallery," but who will instantly name Kathleen Winsor as the author of "Forever Amber"?

THE ten books we are announcing this year are by no means assured of a long life nor are their authors certain to continue to write books as distinguished as their early venture into fiction. The list is more diverse in subject matter than that of any previous year; in fact no two books are alike in theme, and, astonishingly enough, none of them is a war novel or a book which has, with one exception, any relation to the experience of Americans abroad.

That single exception is Anthony West's "The Vintage," a thoughtful and complex novel by a young man who is the son of H. G. Wells. It was heralded by an enthusiastic press in England and by receiving a Houghton Mifflin fellowship award in this country. It is centered around the adventures, after he has blown his brains out, of Colonel Wallis, a British prose-

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cutor of the Crown at the Nuremburg War Trials, which are apparently resting as uneasily on the conscience of English writers as they are on Americans'. A few years ago "The Vintage" might have had difficulty in making its way, but we are now acquainted with the introduction of fantasy into serious fiction, either as satire or as a method of illustrating the agonizing perplexities in which the Western mind is involved.

The reviewers who said the book was overwritten and "lushly convoluted" were correct, but it cannot be dismissed on that account. It is imaginative, intensely dramatic at times, and at others ironic or filled with terror. It is obviously a young man's novel into which he has poured his discontent and malaise at the modern examples of the eternal struggle between good and evil, guilt and justice, the pillars on which nearly all vital novels rest. Mr. West's afterworld, whether purgatory or heaven, is vaguely like the one Colonel Wallis has left; there are trains, vast concentration camps, seaside resorts, human beings who seem to be oddly eviscerated. The hidden rulers of eternity have the best intentions toward the millions who daily are freed from mortal flesh; they want them as contented as possible, and they have a great deal of trouble with the Colonel's conscience, finding it necessary to equip him with a guide, an urbane young man who is a devil in his own right. He is released to heaven only when he understands that "the heart of a man is remembering." The hedonistic purgatory from which he escapes is obviously a symbol of the world in which the Colonel had once lived and committed, like all of us, his smaller or greater sins.

Angus Wilson, another young Englishman, showed up with "The Wrong Set" (Morrow), a volume of short stories which had stirred up a certain amount of commotion at home, some of which may have been caused by the odd fact that he was a librarian of the sedate British Museum. All the people in his stories live shrouded in what Orville Prescott called "a miasma of decadence"; they are highly unpleasant to meet even on the printed page. In one of the stories two gentle old ladies tear a bird to bloody fragments in the presence of a small boy, in others a malicious mother destroys her son, a girl is brutally callous, and a group of young men experiment with sadism. There is a savage contempt and hatred of contemporary English society throughout this book which is profoundly disturbing. The stories are not shilling shockers but brilliantly executed scenes in the lives of completely recognizable social groups disturbed with emotions familiar to all but human saints. The dialogue is excellent, the backgrounds are obviously meticulously accurate. From the evidence of this book Mr. Wilson is certainly one of the most accomplished short-story writers of this day; his restraint and detachment from any intrusion of his own emotions give his work a diabolical vitality which is not apparent in the stories of H. H. Munroe, who also knew how to create horror stories with deft twists at the end but who did not, like Anthony West and Angus Wilson, conceive of human beings as living in the midst of the torments of hell.

"Dear, I once read of an author who got his ideas from his fellow employees. Now if you got a job . . ."

TWO other novels in this list, though as far apart as the poles, portray evil and unpleasant views of perverted or tormented minds. Frederick Buechner's "A Long Day's Dying" (Knopf), a story of the intrigue in which an obese, wealthy, middle-aged eunuch involves a group of light-minded and depressingly complicated New Yorkers, is written with remarkable virtuosity for so young a man. He is concerned with decadence and the frustrations and discontent of a superficially urbane society. His men and women are not overtly sadistic as are Mr. Wilson's; they are playfully and sometimes obscenely corrupt, posturers and pathetic egotists trying to create sensational moments in which they can mirror the virile emotions of a less superficial world.

Francois Boyer's "The Secret World" (Harcourt) belongs in this dismal category only because it plays with intense realism and fervor on the distorted mind of a child, a French girl who with her parents stumbles along the purgatorial country road crowded with massed refugees fleeing from the German invaders, bombed incessantly by enemy planes. Her father and mother and her pet dog are killed before her eyes. Rarely has any writer revealed so pathetically and yet humorously a child's mad world. The reader might compare it with "High Wind in Jamaica," but Richard Hughes was using irony and not the emotion of pity which fills the French writer's brief novel. But there is callous cruelty here too, for the little girl and the son of the rude farmer who gives her shelter play a game with death and a miniature graveyard that lends to the last chapter the chill of genuine horror.

These French children were innocents thoughtlessly engaged in diabolism, and among these novels there are two others which have for

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major characters adult innocents, in the true sense of the world. One of them is Max Steele's "Debby," the Harper prize novel of last year, a deeply touching story of a woman whose mind has never developed beyond childhood and who consequently has had no intimations of evil. All of her emotions and her love for the family that has adopted her are pure and generous. Mr. Steele's work is a remarkable accomplishment, for he handles this difficult theme with compassion and never loses his feeling for the dignity and essential nobility of Debby's mind or descends to the sentimentality which in another writer's hands would have been inherent in such a story.

The second adult innocent is a virile and powerful man, the parish priest of a village in the Po Valley, who owes his simplicity to his belief in his religion and to his most intimate friend, Christ. Of all of these ten books Giovanni Guareschi's "The Little World of Don Camillo" (Pellagrini) is the most exquisitely wrought and the most moving. It has a quality of which today only the Italian writers seem capable, a quality that must come from the soil and some changeless and harmonious human relationship with nature, with God, and the people whom the earth nourishes. The novel is like a legend, a tale addressed to whatever is still childlike and simple in our minds. Don Camillo's dangerous adversary is a Communist and the mayor of the village, and their struggle for the souls of their people leads to the most amusing and touching scenes in any recent book. The figure of Christ on the church cross is the third protagonist, the mediator between them, who permits his stalwart priest at one time to kick the mayor in the seat of his pants and at another forces Don Camillo to baptize the mayor's baby Lenin Libero Peppone. In the end both men at Christmastide are sitting together in the church patiently repainting the Virgin, the Christchild, and the familiar creatures that surround the crèche.

THE three other novels are excellent examples of their kind, honest and solid in their fields. "Stranger and Alone" (Harcourt) is the tragic story of a mulatto who never knew his father, who had the tenacity to obtain a college education and finally to become the supervisor of schools in a Southern city. It is also the story of a man who betrays his own people by trying to live in the world of the white man and that of his own people. The author, J. Saunders Redding, is on the faculty of Hampton Institute and in 1949-50 was visiting professor of

(*Continued on page* 43)

Notes on the Novices

ELOISE PERRY HAZARD

FOR THE second consecutive year heavy competition from abroad is one of the interesting sidelights on *SRL*'s round-up of new fiction talent—half of the writing deriving from England, France, Italy, and Canada in 1950, 46 per cent the previous year. Noteworthy, also, is the fact that only one woman survived this year's critical weeding out, whereas last year there were three.

ANGUS WILSON is a wholehearted supporter of England's social experiment. The revolution wrought in the social conditions of the industrial areas alone would convince him of its rightness, he insists, "whilst the general fairness of a rationing system when there is not enough to allow for luxury without want seems self-evident." But more of that in his new book, a novel under way. On the personal level, he says, he has never been rich enough to feel any loss as a result of the welfare state, and "many, many of my friends are much happier." Others of his friends disagree, "but that doesn't matter to friendship in a country of free speech."

Social inequities have troubled him since the hydra of racialism loomed over his South African childhood and laid the foundation for his general liberalism. But life for him has fallen on pleasant lines. He comes of solid upper middle-class English folk (actually his father was Scottish, his mother South African) who had seen better days, though, he adds, "perhaps they were never quite so grand as they became in retrospect"; he was sent home to England to public school and Oxford, and since, except for two war years in the Foreign Office, has been happily employed on the staff of the British Museum Library.

South Africa, the Museum, Oxford, residence in a hotel while a day pupil —all was grist to Wilson's wry literary mill when at 34 he first started writing stories—just two years ago. His second collection of stories, "Such Darling Dodos," recently made its bow in the States, and a book on Zola is forthcoming. Present spare time is devoted to researching into the English literary scene from 1919-25, though his zeal is channeled mainly toward Dickens, Dostoievsky, Proust. America's "Moby Dick" and "Jurgen" also appeal strongly to him.

BRENDAN GILL, a valued *New Yorker* staffer these dozen years, prefers that his writing speak for him. "Interview me?" he shrieked. "Do you *have* to? I'm appalled, even though I realize that comes with very poor grace from one who earns his living as a reporter."

So we learned—but not from him and not from his barren book-jacket—that he is an attractive, lean black Irishman, with an Irishman's gaiety, wit, loquacity, and melancholy—"obviously a sad man deep down, judging from his book"—and that his diffidence is not feigned. He is a very serious writer, laboring hard and wanting only his best work published. It was his determination to start out as a novelist that has kept his short stories, known to *The New Yorker* constant reader, from appearing between hard covers to date.

Mr. Gill's thirty-four or so years have been spent in Hartford, Conn., his birthplace; New Haven, Conn., where Yale deemed him worthy of a Phi Beta Kappa key and a poetry prize; Bronxville, N. Y., his present home, and Manhattan. The aforementioned short stories are extramural writing and have no connection with his daily work, which consists of sitting at a desk in Eustace Tilley's workshop and sandpapering someone else's prose.

We, further, learned about Mr. Gill's marital status. But not from him. And, since he specifically said, "I want to have people *not* know whether I have a wife and children. It's nobody's business," we are not telling, either.

ANTHONY WEST, also, disapproves of emphasis on the writer as a personality. "The work is the interesting thing, and it is interesting or it is not."

Aside from literary criticism for *The New Statesman and Nation* begun in his early twenties, wartime newswriting for BBC (arrested TB prevented combat service), and "The Vintage," *his* work consists of a second novel, "Another Kind," already in Houghton's hands; another novel, untitled, nearing completion, and a D. H. Lawrence biography being published in England, while 1951 will see him

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well launched on a biography of his father, H. G. Wells. Plans for this have suffered a revision, he regrets. It will be "a critical study of an informal character, not an official biography, since the executors were not prepared to let the papers out of the British Isles, and I wanted to bring them here to work on them."

"Here" is America, and Anthony West, 35, has come to stay, for a complex of reasons. "I was a painter to start with," he explains, "and at 17 I fell in love with America through the eye for its dynamic landscape, primary colors, clear air—unlike England's, which blur definition." Too, he found our attack on life suited to his temper and himself "much more at home than I had ever been before." And, finally, "under the pressure of economics England has for a short-term policy forsaken liberalism for stateism; I find the narrowing of the intellectual climate involved repulsive. America is still fundamentally liberal, and the spirit is alive." These and many other feelings add up to his change of allegiance to what he calls "my America, my new found land."

Lapse of time since "The Vintage" has further solidified his assurance that the only worthwhile human activity is what scientists call the search for truth and theologians the search for the mind of god. He is equally sure that the concept of the individual as a fragment of the divine being is a more creative one than that of the individual either as a freebooter or the component of a state or society.

Apropos current events: "Of course humanity will surmount the world crisis. . . . We are probably in for one of our major failures and we must see to it that we leave disaster-proof concepts that will survive the interregnum. Geologically the jig is up and extinction awaits the human race in 100 million years or so, but as politically the race is about 10,000 years old we have a certain amount of leg room."

MAX STEELE, currently in Europe writing short stories, carving out a dramatization of "Debby," and dreaming up his next novel, found publication "a strange event in one's life. You feel exposed. I had to get back to myself and anonymity and writing. Thus Italy, thus France." Anticipating embarrassment, he stipulated there be no public or radio appearances on his part at "Debby's" debut—with one exception, a bookstore autographing party in his native Greenville, S. C.

"The party was great fun," he wrote his publishers. "Three hundred and fifty copies sold—or signed, I believe the euphemism is—flash bulbs popping, etc., etc. But I was glad, so glad, the *Time* review didn't come until after my day of glory—the only review I saw for two days. Ah well! 'Tis an experience and as such invaluable. It didn't really hurt, made me mad for a few moments. Then when I got to the part where it said 'wholesome child' I knew it had nothing to do with the book I had written. . . . Sentimental? If it is my theory that we are sick with loneliness and dying from want of love and if that theory is sentimental I'll stick to it and continue writing about it. I shall not, however, carry sentiment one step further and become cynical. . . . All the reviewers missed the allegory I intended—maybe it wasn't there, and I wasted time plotting on that level."

Bachelor Steele anticipates a recall to Army duty, having interrupted his playwriting and other English courses (later completed) at the U. of N. Carolina in 1943 to volunteer for AAF meteorology duty. Today, skirting 29, he is described as having an uncontrollable imagination working overtime, a particularly wonderful sense of humor sliding easily into fantasy, and an "unspoilableness." Fellow-Carolinian Betty Smith says, "I couldn't be more pleased with him as a prize [Harper, Mayflower] novelist."

FRANCOIS BOYER is another author who deplores the critics' penchant for reading symbols and meanings into one's work. His training and experience have been largely cinematic, and he likes a narrative to unfold like a film, to be rich in happenings, sharply and clearly related. "The Secret Game," originally a scenario, was written "without the least precise intention," he protests. "Its only motive of the least importance is undoubtedly a deep affection for anything to do with childhood—which by the way I feel has always been inadequately treated in French literature." Furthermore, "when one creates characters one has sufficient to do in evolving their real personalities, in discovering their psychological truth, without burdening their story with more or less comprehensible symbols."

The ghost of World War I haunted the Northeastern French village of Sézanne, where he was born in 1920, and frightened him into a "holy horror of war." Protesting War II, he was drafted, took part in the "interminable" retreat in 1940, without ever seeing the enemy, assisted in the flight of the people across France, and hid on a Normandy farm until the liberation. All these experiences and vague memories of the war tales of his boyhood went into the creation of "Jeux Inconnus" and also made him a more passionate pacifist. "True pacifism," in his credo, "does not consist in saying 'I hate war' but in fighting the real causes of war: *le profit et la race.*"

This young writer denies that he has ever been particularly literary, while admitting admiration for Malraux, Rolland, Hemingway, and Steinbeck. Still, he wouldn't give a flip of the wrist for any author as compared to any great musician one cares to name. If he had it to do over again he would like to be a musician—though, unfortunately, he never studied music—since, he is convinced, "*celà correspond certainement à une forme de sensibilité qui est mienne.*"

The care of a wife and two babies now prevents his writing when and as he wishes; it is necessary to collaborate on financially rewarding scenarios and film dialogue much of the time. *Mais*, the project at which he writes most voluntarily is within weeks of completion—part one of a series à la "Thibault" about his between-the-wars generation.

FREDERICK BUECHNER on the whole fared well at the critics' hands but wishes they had not gone to such lengths to unearth "meanings." He intended no parable of good-and-evil nor did he picture his characters as other than ordinary—that is, a little pathetic *au fond*. That so many reviewers labeled his prose mandarin and derived from Henry James and Elizabeth Bowen staggered him, having read little James and no Bowen. What nobody realized was that he had written term papers at Princeton on 17th-century Jeremy Taylor and Thomas Browne at the time he began the book and "reading them so concentratedly you can scarcely fail to absorb something of their style."

The much-discussed Buechner style is turned to another novel, with a contemporary religious theme. Into it has already gone six months' work during a sojourn in Europe—mostly England, for which he feels a real affinity. He plans to spend the winter in New York—his mother lives there—and return next fall to teach (English, Russian, religion) at his old school Lawrenceville, from which he is on a year's leave. Academic life appeals to him strongly, and the long vacations fit his writing plans to a T. The Army may interrupt this idyll, and he wishes he were "26, not 24," though he didn't feel violently pro or con his previous two-year service stint.

The bright and shining star in Mr. Buechner's firmament is his French-

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New novelists Wilson, Gill, West, Steele, Buechner, Tillery, Guareschi, Guevremont, Redding, Boyer—"heavy competition from abroad."

American maternal grandmother, the Maroo of "A Long Day's Dying," and it disturbed him when he knew she was reading of her own fictional death. His other enthusiasms include squash, swimming, and movies—"it doesn't matter what's on the screen. I stumble into the dark, settle down, and whatever is bothering me fades away."

GIOVANNI GUARESCHI has been called an Italian James Thurber because of his ability to catch human beings in attitudes which are universally funny and pathetic. Frequently the laughter is at his own expense, as when he emerged from a German prison camp reduced, in his words, "to a sack of bones of which the total weight was one hundred pounds and this included lice, bedbugs, fleas, hunger, and melancholy." Back in Italy he found that "many things were changed, especially the Italians, and I spent a good deal of time trying to figure out whether they had changed for the better or for the worse. In the end I discovered that they had not changed at all . . ." Such paradox is of Guareschi's essence, but faith—in God and man—and a kind of crazy high-spiritedness always win over despair. Hence this happy-hearted book. His 5'-10" height and luxuriant mustache and crown do not detract from his felicity, either.

Guareschi was born in Parma (1908) near the Po River, where, he announces, "people have heads hard as pig iron and thus I succeeded in becoming editor-in-chief of *Bertoldo*," a humor magazine. He has now moved his menage to Milan—complete with wife, two children, motorcycle, and car—and succeeded in becoming editor-in-chief of *Candido*, a political magazine. This, he admits, entails a deal of involvement, though he maintains his standing as an independent.

Of "The Little World of Don Camillo" he has nothing more to say: "You can't expect that after a poor fellow has written a book he should also understand it."

GERMAINE (GRIGNON) GUEVREMONT had a lawyer-poet father who spent so much time writing that she thought the pastime was "natural to all fathers." Her own writing came about incidentally when, exiled to the small port of Sorel, Quebec, because of her husband's business, and homesick for Ottawa, she took over vicinity correspondence for the *Montreal Gazette* as a stopgap. This basic training lasted from 1926-35 and gave her material for some short stories solicited by the editor of a magazine in Montreal, where the family had moved to afford the children—three daughters, one son—a better education. "That was the start of my career."

The career, launched when Mrs. Guevremont was 39, attracted a bouquet of Canadian and French prizes, which in retrospect seems not bad for a French-Canadian female who describes her education as "rather erratic; learned shorthand and Esperanto before the first rules of grammar; changed schools four times, until at scarcely 16 I left school for good to learn whatever I could by reading, looking, and listening." She is at work on a book that will end the saga of the characters in "The Outlander" — which, by the way, she denies she intended as a thesis novel: "I wrote a story, writing as one paints" (her mother had been a painter).

Mrs. Guevremont says she married an incurable duck-hunter and herself has become a hunter, fisher, and poker player. "As I play with more imagination than wisdom I have the bad luck of Dostoievsky without going so far as to sell my last loaf of bread for the pleasure of raising a pair of two's. But do not tempt me with three aces!"

J. SAUNDERS REDDING cherishes a devotion to truth, yet is constantly accused of traducing the Negro race. His father, first, said so when *transition* published his initial story, "Delaware Coon" (1929). Then "they" wailed in chorus at the appearance of each of his books. He figures that, though he has "an awful lot of 'traduction' to account for, the truth about Negro people seems the most important truth the American democracy needs to learn." And so he is writing one more book about that truth—"it's an act of purification; after it's done perhaps I can write the books I want to without feeling that I'm betraying something fundamental in me and in American life."

Mr. Redding has never let any grass grow under his feet. He was out of a Wilmington (Del.) high school and enrolled at Lincoln College when barely 16 and a year later had followed his brother to Brown for a B.A. (1928) plus Phi Beta Kappa election. The next seven years precluded writing but included teaching and a master's degree. Then back to teaching and

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back to writing. "To Make a Poet Black" came out in 1939 and the next year he got leave to take on a "dream" assignment: "to travel the South and see what you see." The resulting book, "No Day for Triumph," won the 1944 Mayflower Award (for "distinguished writing by a N. Carolinian resident"). He has been on the staff of Hampton Institute since 1943 with a year's leave on a Guggenheim to work on his novel and a semester's absence to fill the role of visiting professor of English at Brown during 1949-50.

The Redding schedule is still crammed: "When I'm writing, as I am doing now, I'm up at 4 A.M. and write until noon, then classes and the chores that go with classes three days a week. Other days I write from 8 A.M. to 2 P.M."

CARLYLE TILLERY is something of a sport in the literary world—botanically speaking. He came off a Louisiana farm, and up to the age of 41 had been busy getting a degree in agriculture (Miss. State), weathering the Depression, variously—"I raised a strawberry crop with a partner and we cleared five dollars. I spent my two-fifty for a straw hat and joined the CCC"—and serving four years in the USArmy. Then he turned up in Hudson Strode's famous writing course at the U. of Alabama and within three years had produced a novel of near-epic proportions. "A touch of genius," says Mr. Strode.

The man has retained his original flavor and bloom notwithstanding such hybrid pursuits as selling stockings, house-to-house, and working, as at present, in what he calls "Jitney Jungle Supermarket No 1" at Tuscaloosa. He is honest, completely himself—a kind of closed-off package. He talks in a Deep South whisper and is apt to wander up verbal bypaths, but there are always flashes of humor to light the way.

His writing projects at the moment are a novel of country life set in a piney woods section of Southeastern Louisiana a century ago and a non-fiction work "in which I expect to use facts of common knowledge to make, I hope, some illuminating comments on phenomena of American life often being commented on though, it seems to me, rather unilluminatingly."

He is a Democrat who in 1948 voted for Thurman: "I was the more convinced in my preference when adherents of Truman and Dewey dubbed the States Righters as Dixiecrats, for though 'Dixie' was the most popular war song of the South in the Civil War, it originated in a time of peace and contains no word of hate or violence."

Combing the Haystack

The Big-Magazine Search for Writers

MARGARET COUSINS

THE ROLE of the large-circulation magazine in the discovery and fostering of new writing talent has been so widely misunderstood by writers, educators, publishers of other media, and even by readers, that I am certain my colleagues join me in appreciation to *The Saturday Review of Literature* for an opportunity to describe our activities in this regard and to voice some of our modest opinions.

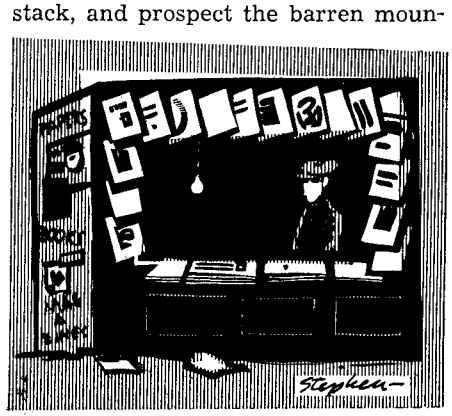
I am aware that an air of condescension attends the mention of our names in literary circles; that we are relegated by that opprobrious term, "the slicks," to some twilit region beyond the pale; that people who have not actually opened a popular magazine for twenty years or more continue to ascribe to us the sort of literary produce best described as the tea-room school of writing. People who ought to know better often naively declare that mass magazines subsist by the star system, that we are interested only in that vanishing species, the Big Name. People who are totally unfamiliar with our content glibly asseverate that we are wedded to formulas from which there can be no departure. People should have their heads examined who imply that publication in mass-circulation media amounts to prostitution of the artist.

These contentions are not based on hearsay but can be documented by the editors of any popular magazine. I once had occasion to be seated next to a critic and novelist at a dinner party who said to me in the course of the evening's conversation that he wished he had picked up the "trick" of writing "journalistic junk" for this market while pursuing the more important aspects of his career, as he would be much richer. I was sufficiently riled by this patronage to reply that since he had published a total of twenty books without achieving success I doubted he could fish anything out of his bag of tricks which would make the people cry for him. This martinet advantage taken of a dinner partner was the culmination of weeks of listening to academic diatribes and scornful references to publications whose final arbiter is the reading public, without whom writers would not have much need to express themselves.

It is true that large-circulation magazines operate on the profit motive, as do most publishing ventures in the last analysis, and to survive they must interest and satisfy the public. There is nothing shameful in such a premise. Most creative writers entertain the same hope. The man who writes for his own amusement or publishes a magazine for his own amusement rarely turns out to be more than a dilettante. The unrelenting necessity for providing interest and satisfaction to a large, heterogeneous audience does indeed place limitations on the editor of a mass-circulation magazine in the realm of pure experiment and causes him to require of fledgling talent a more finished product. It would be footless to deny the importance and value of experimentation, but it is conceivable that hardy talent matures faster under this demanding system. While it is the bane of every editor's existence that he must frequently decline the promising (and this applies not only to editors of mass-circulation magazines) it is extremely unlikely that genuine talent ever goes begging for lack of a showcase. Any editor worth his salt kicks over the traces when he is confronted with a blazing gift.

Whatever limitations are placed on a mass-magazine editor by the commercial structure of his undertaking are offset by energy inspired by the fierceness of the competition in his field of operation, as far as new writers go. The mass-magazine editor at the mercy of steadily recurring and relentless deadlines cannot wait for the new writer to seek him out.

These editors are the people who virtually plow the sea, comb the haystack, and prospect the barren moun-



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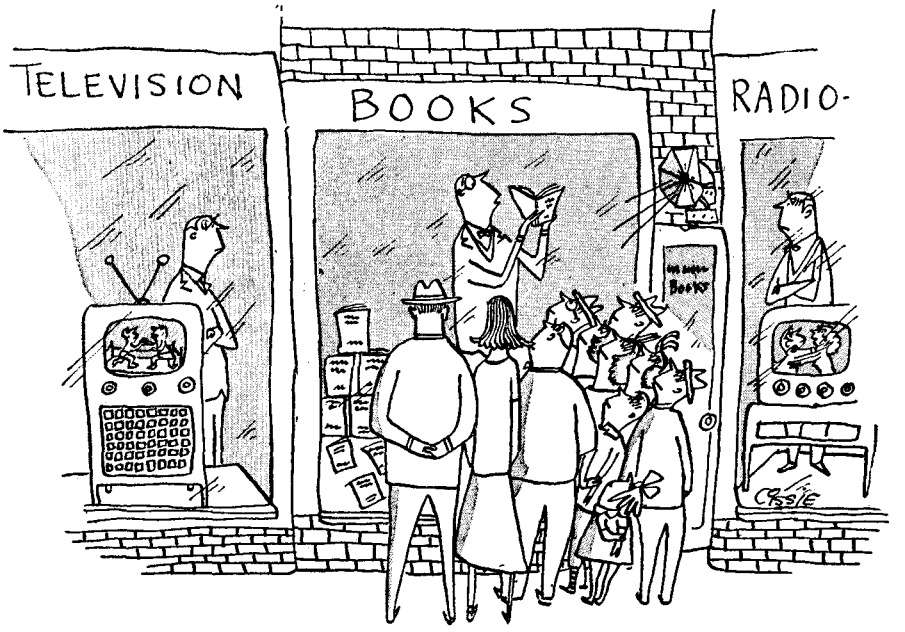
tains and arid streams. No source is too humble for their investigation, no course too difficult, no program too much trouble. The tidal waves of manuscripts that roll over their desks annually are sufficiently voluminous to stagger the imagination and dim the eyesight, and though experience has taught them how miniscule a percentage will so much as bear watching they sift and pan them exhaustively, enter into correspondence, criticize, instruct, cajole, encourage, and woo the wavering muse. Not satisfied with what arrives in the course of common events they pack up their suitcases and travel, clambering off and on trains, going to cities and out-of-the-way places, sitting in hotel rooms interviewing all comers who feel inclined to put pen to paper. They turn up — at writers' conferences, schools of creative writing, and wherever amateurs foregather in small groups — willing to listen, to read, to criticize, and to report, willing to purchase if anything suitable offers, willing to sustain relationships over a long period of years hoping for a culmination of the original promise, hoping honestly to get one story that they can publish for the general public.

What crop accrues to so much earnest cultivation? Well, it is a sizable harvest and one that no editor need be ashamed of. The examination of any single year's published quota is never an exact measure of the success of endeavor in this market because a good many years of groundwork may have gone into the production of one single short story. First short stories rarely establish a writer, except in the editor's own reckoning, as a ranking potential. It also happens that the editors of mass-magazines unearth talents in their unsolicited mails, nurture them for months, and then stand on the sidelines while the author makes a reputation somewhere else.

ANY discussion of "new" writers in the magazine field must include a few months on each side of a given year. It should be noted, as well, that the basis for judgment is a mass-magazine standard—that the writers in question have produced basically "popular" stories, meaning that the entertainment quotient has been of utmost importance in the consideration. While these people may promise well for all publishing projects they promise especially well as magazine writers. It is also likely that any such list will be subject to the criticism that these are not actually "new" writers—that they have been working in other media for years, may have reputations as novelists, journalists, playwrights, script-writers or contributors to "little" magazines, so that it may be useful to point out that the writers discussed here seem new to the large-circulation magazine trade. Some of them may have published several years ago and their revivals have constituted "newness." Nor is it possible to do full justice to the entire field of the popular magazine without devoting weeks to rereading. No effort will be made to distinguish between the types of writing and subject matter produced by these authors, and there is no significance to the order of naming. With these qualifications this list is humbly offered:



"Chapter Two . . . 'When I awoke it was to find myself on a dull and barren island. What could happen next, thought I, and just then . . .'"

Robert Lewis, Sidney Carroll, David Westheimer, William Iverson, Frank Rooney, Joseph Carroll, Clint Macaulay, John D. Hess, Geoffrey Hall, Earl Fultz, Mel Heimer, Jacques Bernard, Susan Yorke, Nancy Ferard, Elva Williams, Theresa Oakes, Mary McSherry, Shirley Shapiro Pugh, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., John Bell Clayton, Dolph Sharp, Berniece Thorpe, Jack Weeks, Jean Boley, Helen Mitchell, Charles Einstein, John Master, John Savage, Dillon Anderson, Robert Krepps, Melvin Voorhees, Franklin Davis, John Wyndham, Brenda Weisberg, Jane McClure, Eleanor Adams, Jean Leslie, Isabel Langis, Susan Seavy, Sheila Sibley, Walter McQuade, Harry Middleton, Robert Paul Smith, James Ross, Laura Hunter, Bethel Laurence, Irma Phorylles Torem, Evan Connell, Beth Day, Katherine Dissinger, Suzanne Kaufmann, Virginia & Edwin Gilbert, Nadine Hoskins, Edwin Fox, Edith Jacokssen, Will Hay, Jr., Marijann Balter, Helen Davis Szold, W. C. Bixby, Rebecca Shallitt, Laura Loudon, Edward S. Fox, Callie Mae Coe, May Mellinger, Paul Ritts, Garth Spencer, LaVere Anderson, Elizabeth Schrempp, Evelyn Gordon, Mary Spencer Simpson, Agnes S. Coffindaffer, Sylvie Eisenstein, Eleanor Griggs, June MacLeish, Emily Jay, Polly Toland, Robert Craig.

Although this list was prepared in conjunction with fiction editors of various popular magazines it is entirely possible that there are omissions of names that deserve to be included, and we may have included names that predate 1950. There are also writers whose abilities were discovered in 1950, whose stories are still in magazine inventory waiting for scheduling —Alice Craft, James Hamilton Hall, and Paddy Chayefsky, for example. It also seems suitable to mention the fact that such writers as Shirley Jackson and Martha Gellhorn, who have made reputations in other writing fields, began to be published in large-circulation magazines in 1950. The enthusiastic editor finds it difficult not to mention a writer like Grace Amundson, whose stories have appeared intermittently in large-circulation publications over a period of years but in such limited numbers and of such striking originality that she always seems new. Nathaniel Benchley, Elick Moll, Ernest Lehman achieved familiarity as popular magazine writers in 1950, though they had published before.

The very size and diversity of this list will give some impression of the strenuous effort made by large-circulation magazines to discover and nurture new writers. It is impossible to suppose that every bright little gleam represented here will turn into a luminary—every editor knows the tragedy of the one-story writer—but if advice, encouragement, interest, enthusiasm, attention, and practical editing will further a writer's career they all have a good chance.

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Science. *With newspapers carrying photographs of midnight skies turned into noon by the blaze of atomic bomb blasts, every man must realize that there are now no ivory towers beyond the reach of the scientist and his test tube. Convinced that if every man is to control his own destiny he will have to comprehend science's meaning, one of our leading scientists, Harvard's James B. Conant, has just published an important book, "Science and Common Sense." . . . For both good and evil, during the twentieth century the science of genetics has become intimately related with politics. Two fine books that illumine this association are William C. Boyd's "Genetics and the Races of Man" and H. Kalmus's "Genetics" (see page 19). . . . For many men the most personal impact of science upon their lives is through psychiatry. Dr. Karen Horney's "Neurosis and Human Growth" (page 17) and Dr. Camilla M. Anderson's "Saints, Sinners, and Psychiatry" (page 18) attempt to bring the findings of this still experimental field to the layman.*

What Every Layman Should Know

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE. By James B. Conant. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 371 pp. $4.

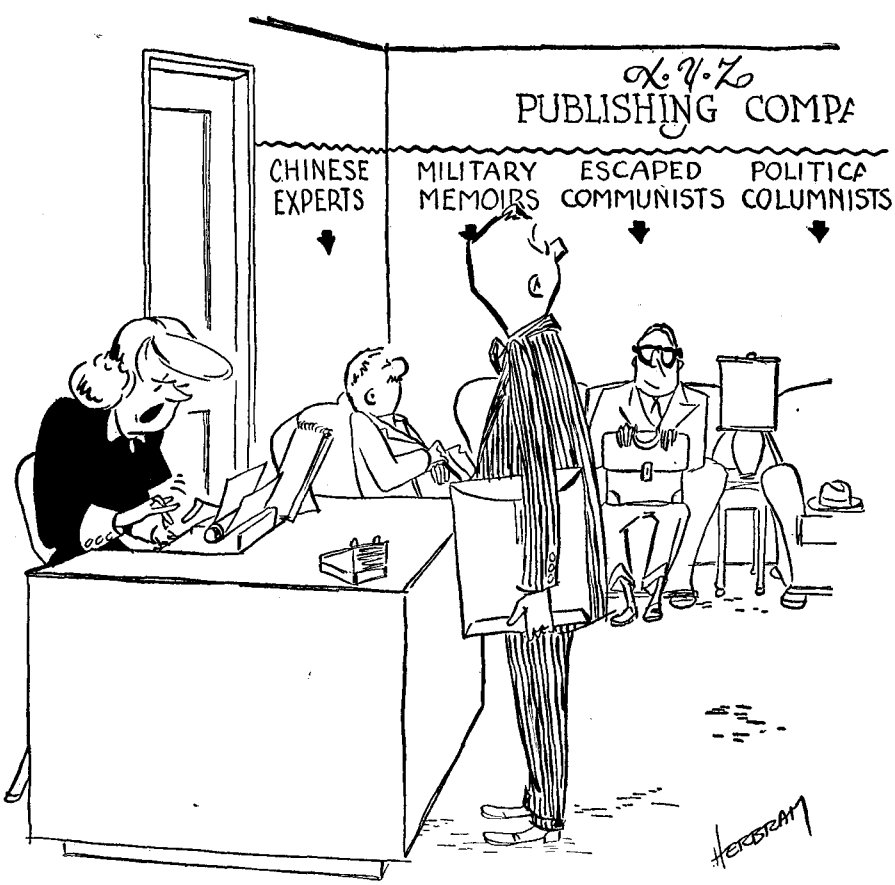
By Vannevar Bush

THIS is an important book, but it is more than that. It is one step in a definite program aimed at a better understanding of science and scientific methodology by laymen. In these times when the application of science bids fair to determine much of our future and when science is more and more becoming a function of our political system it is indeed important that there be more of understanding. Moreover, there is plenty of evidence that science and its methods — and scientists themselves — are generally misunderstood and that far-reaching decisions in this field are being made without much grasp of what they are all about. This treatment should help to clear away some of the fog.

President Conant's approach is through selected episodes in the history of science. There is a certain risk in this, for the atmosphere in which scientific activity is now carried on has certainly altered and methods have altered also. It is a sound approach nevertheless, for there are threads which run through the entire fabric of science which need to be clearly recognized if the full pattern is to be intelligible, and these are best exemplified in relatively simple cases. The grasp a layman might obtain would indeed be limited, in spite of the discussions in the latter part of the book as to how times have changed, if he went no farther than this one volume. Still, one who starts from scratch can hardly expect to understand science by an evening or two of reading; a start should be explicit and form a sound basis for further study, and this book provides just that. There will be few of those who read this treatment at all carefully who will not be intrigued into pursuing the subject further, for it is fascinating and highly pertinent.

On the other hand, although the examples are clear cut and the exposition extremely lucid, this is no simple treatment. The definition of science which President Conant uses, a new one in its content as well as its expression, is a closely reasoned affair. It does not avoid—it cannot if a definition is to be available to all—the philosophic question of whether science is or is not a search for ultimate truth; but it does avoid getting bogged down in such matters to the extent of neglecting the main objective. To distinguish between facts and concepts, between working hypotheses and conceptual systems, between science and common sense involves exposition of a sort which will prevent any careful reader, layman or scientist, from feeling that he can skip blithely through without pausing for hard thinking and yet secure the really profound significance of what is here written.

The author has performed one service which was much needed and which alone would make the book worth while when he makes it crystal clear that there is no such thing as *the* scientific method. The elegant definition of the scientific method that we have read for years, that reduces it to an amassing and classification of



"The editor is busy right now. Please take a seat in the appropriate section."

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facts from which new scientific laws pop out full-formed and render the whole clear, comes in for the dissection it has long needed. Dr. Conant also combats a current oversimplification when he makes it evident that a hypothesis does not dissolve into thin air when it meets one stubbornly contradictory fact.

Engineers and scientists as well as laymen will find much here to stir them. They will also find points to disagree with vigorously, something the author will undoubtedly welcome. This will occur especially in the latter part of the book, where the author treats science, invention, and the state, the relations of science in Russia, secrecy in science in the light of weapons development, and similar highly controversial subjects. Many will wish to examine his views on some of these matters, for one thing because he is now chairman of the newly created National Science Foundation, which will exert considerable influence on the relations between science and the Federal Government.

This book, written by the president of Harvard University, published by the Yale University Press, sells for about three dollars a pound. There is no indication that if there were less striking academic involvement the price per pound would be any less. Automobiles still sell at about a dollar a pound. The author refrains, however, from picking the printer's trade and the publisher's art as areas where there is a high degree of empiricism, where the impact of interconnected conceptual systems has thus far been relatively unfruitful. The point is, of course, that printers and publishers should read the book and seek to understand science. A better criterion than cost per pound might be cost per reading. In this respect the present book stands up well, for it is worth reading more than once.

Vannevar Bush, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, served as director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development during World War II. He is the author of "Modern Arms and Free Men," "Endless Horizons," "Principles of Electrical Engineering," "Operational Circuit Analysis," and other works.

THE AUTHOR: Justice Holmes once said that in Cambridge (Massachusetts) when they spoke of the president they meant the head of Harvard and not some "minor official in Washington." It has been now and then rumored that James Bryant Conant, who became Harvard's 23rd head-man at the age of forty in 1933, might eventually be a candidate for the minor D. C. job. He has never substantiated such rumors, but certainly in recent years he had the opportunity to exercise more power over the U. S. in general than many an early U. S. President ever did: as chairman of the National Defense Research Committee in World War II he had all the organizational reins of the two-billion-dollar research program in his hands. Nuclear fission was one of the results. "Science and Common Sense" was written because he believes that it is essential for today's citizens to understand how science and scientists operate. He uses the word "relevance" when he is describing the kind of scholarship and science he considers worthy: ". . . a scholar's activities should have relevance to the immediate future of our civilization." That is the angle from which he did his first experiments as a boy—he tested his mother's laundry soap and informed her she was paying too much for a brand name; it is the way he did his early Harvard teaching and the research in organic and physical chemistry which brought him fame. One might think a researcher and scholar would be fazed by the big presidential job. But Conant took it in stride so well that he soon had a smoothly clicking administrative set-up that allowed him time for all the activities he somehow manages with quiet gusto to fit into his life: the visits to far-flung Harvard clubs (which he enjoys, for he is affable and genuinely interested in people—even alumni), his own writing, the heavy job during the war. Time even for teaching: when the general education courses he had inspired began in 1946 he volunteered as guest-lecturer in natural science. His "relevance" is not at all the petty concept of "applied science." He insists that pure science must be maintained, but he fervently knows that science must show it was made for man—not vice versa; and above all things freedom of inquiry is precious to him—not surprising in a man with a long line of New England forebears. —K. S.

Wet, Large, and Deep

THE SEA AND ITS MYSTERIES. By John S. Colman. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 261 pp. $3.75.

By William Beebe

THE SUBTITLE of this book—"An Introduction to the Science of the Sea"—is appropriate for a volume dealing with oceans. The surface and the rims of these great bodies of water are fairly well known, but their abysses are still almost as unreachable as the stars. As does astronomy, deep-sea oceanography must depend on the intermediacy of instruments. In spite of this blind and indirect accretion of knowledge the science of modern oceanography marshals a host of facts, and John S. Colman has drawn upon this wisely and well. Many of the notes are the results of his own researches on the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, the Tortugas of Florida, and the shores of England. For the rest he has depended on the records of reliable authorities. His facts are couched in phrases that free them from textbook aridity. In his own words, he has written the book in "a reasonably elementary fashion." His characterization of the sea cannot be bettered; it is "wet, large, deep, and salt."

Among the subjects treated are the shape of the sea, waves, and tides, plant fertility, animals of the deep, coral reefs, and the migration of fish and whales. Toward the end are two chapters on oceanography and fisheries. Finally we read of what a naturalist at sea may hope to observe from the deck of his vessel. The happy unchangeableness of the sea in this sadly shifting world is shown by the comparison of this chapter with a similar voyage of my own, made more than three decades ago. The two present almost an identity of methods and general life observed.

The use of similes and of unrelated comparisons serve to sustain interest. We learn that if water contracted on freezing, mankind would never have evolved and that a change in the fashion of small waists once ensured the continued existence of certain whales. The author succeeds in making readable even the theory of waves.

The chapter Life in the Depths is typical of the general treatment. The surface life of the open sea is presented as either transparent or blue, adaptations to the invisibility of clear water and the increasing dominance of the blue end of the spectrum below the surface. Very often the only visible portions of pelagic organisms are the eyes and the last meal. We are led

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gradually downward, our facts and observations being derived from the contents of deep-sea nets, reported on various expeditions.

Dr. Colman steers a careful course between too much detail and loose generalization and draws a vivid, balanced picture composed of the mosaic of scattered captures. He mentions the abyssal giant prawns, which are "among the most splendid in the animal kingdom; they combine beautiful shapes and graceful swimming with perfect transparency and a gorgeous deep crimson color." This color, of course, is forever non-existent until revealed by the abnormal advent of surfacing in a net. Light organs and luminous slime, fish with enormous eyes and others with none, fish aglow with parti-colored rows of lights—all appear and are left behind as we descend.

In still deeper zones the fish find their prey by "some chemical sense related to taste or smell," or by the possession of elongate, sensitive filaments. We have reviewed for us the miracle of dwarf males growing fast to their gigantic mates and the ability of other fish to capture, swallow, and digest creatures two or three times their own size. This chapter is stranger than any fiction.

"Personally, I take the sea-serpent quite seriously," writes the author, using that abused word in its logically possible concept. As he says, the ultimate resolving of the kraken into a giant squid and the discovery of a large, live *Latimera* off South Africa, a fish which rightly should have become extinct thirty millions of years ago—these pave the way for unpredictable discoveries to come.

The chapters are pleasantly illustrated by line cuts, and the oceanographic end-paper maps are excellent, but the sixteen plates bunched in mid-volume might well have been omitted. They have no cohesion or striking qualities. This volume deserves a generous scattering of color plates like that which illumined Russell and Yonge's "The Seas," the most worthy precursor, two decades ago, of the present volume.

The blood plasm in our veins represents the proportional salt strength of the sea, exactly as it was many millions of years ago when our remote marine forebears deserted salt water for fresh en route to the dry land to which we now uneasily cling. Such a fact alone should make this book absorbing to every intelligent layman. The author has done his part of the job well.

William Beebe, curator of ornithology at the New York Zoological Society, has headed many expeditions to study marine life.

The Dream of James Smithson, Esq.

THE SMITHSONIAN: America's Treasure House. By Webster Prentiss True. New York: Sheridan House. 298 *pp.* $3.50.

By Elizabeth H. Thomson

SINCE 1855 more than 66,711,817 persons have viewed the vast treasures of the Smithsonian Institution. But probably few who have been awed and thrilled by the thousands of interesting exhibits, such as the dinosaur "Gertie," the chair and desk used by General Eisenhower in Italy in World War II, or the very popular costumes of the Presidents' wives and Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis*, are aware that the Smithsonian has grown out of the generous gift of a lonely, childless Englishman who had never visited these shores. Webster Prentiss True's fascinating account of this bequest and its far-reaching results should be welcomed by a large audience.

James Smithson, natural son of Hugh, first Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, niece of the "proud Duke of Somerset," was because of his illegitimacy denied the right to his father's title. Out of this injustice was born an overwhelming desire to add luster to the name of Smithson and to make it live in the memory of man long after the family titles had been forgotten. But a lifetime of scientific endeavor, although of high quality and considerable originality, did not satisfy his ambition. Therefore on the night of October 23, 1826, he sat down to write his will—his last opportunity to insure the fulfillment of his purpose. It was a brief document ending thus: "I then bequeath the whole of my property . . . to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an Establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Probably no great legacy was ever transmitted in more simple and unqualified terms or with higher purpose.

Smithson died three years later and his bequest, over half a million dollars in gold sovereigns, reached this country in 1838, but it was 1846 before the United States Congress was able to settle upon the framework which would carry out the broad vision of the nation's benefactor.

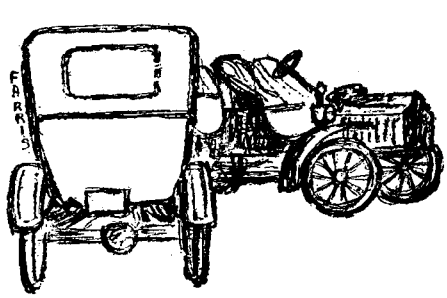
Mr. True, chief of the editorial division of the Smithsonian and author of a handsomely illustrated brief history of the Institution issued in 1946 for its centenary, offers in his present, much expanded account entertainment as well as instruction about our internationally renowned Institution whose great work is now carried on through ten separate bureaus. Mr. True writes with such ease and simplicity, has marshaled a wealth of factual information so effectively, and has included so much of the history and drama behind the displays and activities of the Institution that it is difficult to lay his story down. There are sixty-four well-produced plates.

"Sons of Science," by Paul H. Oehser (published in 1949) told the Smithsonian story largely through its leaders, whereas Mr. True, although he does not neglect its builders, is primarily concerned with conveying an idea of the rich collections and the unseen activities of the Institution in its primary role as a research organization engaged in increasing and diffusing knowledge among men. He therefore describes the displays of the United States National Museum, the Air Museum (which does not yet have a building), the Collection of Fine Arts, the Freer Gallery of Art, and the National Gallery of Art, and also includes the living treasures of the National Zoo in Rock Creek Park.

Chapters entitled To the Ends of the Earth, Red Men and White, and The Star We Live By give highlights of the Smithsonian explorations and the activities of the Bureau of American Ethnology and the Astrophysical Observatory, whose half-century of study of solar radiation is of infinite importance — one application being possible long-range weather forecasting.

Also outlined are the services of the Smithsonian in spreading scientific and cultural knowledge throughout the world through the medium of the International Exchange Service. The myriad applications of the Smithsonian's store of knowledge in peace and war is most revealing. Some thirteen million copies of the Institution's 8,000 publications widely distributed, together with the physical displays in Washington, have gone far toward fulfilling James Smithson's dream.

Elizabeth H. Thomson is author of "Harvey Cushing: Surgeon, Author, Artist" and co-author of "Benjamin Silliman: Pathfinder in American Science."



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—*Angus McBean.*

Eileen Garrett—"up and atom."

Cross My Palm

THE SENSE AND NONSENSE OF PROPHECY. By Eileen J. Garrett. New York: Creative Age Press. 279 pp. $2.75.

By Rolfe Boswell

THE late Arthur Brentano used to say, with a wry chuckle, that he had employed specially trained salesmen to preside over well-stocked shelves of books explaining cult and occult. In three decades three experts had taken care of that department. Each, the bookseller sighed, had died in a madhouse. It seems that they had taken their wares too seriously, poring over their abstruse pages and diagrams too far into the witching hours.

Eileen Garrett's book comes too late to save those witless three, but it ought to be read by all those seer-suckers who shell out their shekels to goosebone-readers, myth-peddlers, and ghost-breakers for a quick look around the corner or insight into their own muddled lives. Fortune-tellers thrive because the gullible believe whatever they want to believe. With that precept in mind modern magicians are bound to succeed.

Mrs. Garrett here is presenting verbally the same lesson Gian-Carlo Menotti produced musically and visually in his opera "The Medium." Such charlatans as Mme. Flora prey upon the ignorant, the gullible, the overwrought who wear their emotions on the sleeve, the distressed, and the bereft. Her actual counterparts, without being named, are described by Mrs. Garrett. It is a pity that she did not go on to explain how some mediumistic tricks are done mechanically.

Ours is a land of strange cults and wacky religions, though America cannot claim a monopoly on the freakish. It is good to learn how some of these silly sects came to pass. It would be better if this book would bring about a drop in attendance at fake seances.

So much for the nonsense. As to the sense in this field, it is much more difficult to prove than to disprove. As probably one of the best-known and most reliable psychics in the world Mrs. Garrett is in a position to give some accounting of the latest experiments in extrasensory perception. The goal in psychical research conducted scientifically is to find answers to the mysteries of life and death. To such a quest a layman can only say — up and atom.

Granting such a recondite goal to serious psychic researchers, who strive so diligently to expand human knowledge in a forbidden field, one can sympathize with their plaint that they are hampered constantly by frauds and fakes who are concerned with the money-making possibilities of prophecy rather than with proving its possibilities and probabilities.

> What I want to do is to analyze and define [Mrs. Garrett explains]. I hope to separate the wheat from the chaff so definitely and thoroughly that never again will a total stranger extend a grubby palm to me and ask, "Do you see a rich marriage?" and never again will the efficient research laboratories of leading American and European universities be mistaken for the ouija-board sessions in Bloomsbury, Baltimore, or Brooklyn living rooms.

When it comes to analyzing and defining Mrs. Garrett has succeeded wittily and intelligently in taking apart the false prophets to show what makes them tick. She also does well to point out that "science is today discovering that many of man's physical illnesses start in the mind and that mental and physical health depend upon the unimpeded will power and the exercise of our intellectual faculties. It is dangerous to allow our personalities to be dominated too much by the ideas or feelings of others."

So "the fascination of the unknown," is "the fascination of a moth for the flame. The greater the field of knowledge, the greater is the responsibility of all of us." Her last words are of warning, "Don't tamper with it!"

Macbeth told his lady's doctor: "Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it."

And psychics to the bitches.

Rolfe Boswell is author of "Nostradamus Speaks" and "Prophets and Portents."

Karen Horney—"alienation from self."

The Drive for Glory

NEUROSIS AND HUMAN GROWTH. The Struggle Toward Self-Realization. By Karen Horney, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 391 pp. $3.75.

By Patrick Mullahy

FOR MANY years certain philosophers, psychoanalysts, psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists have conceived of personality as an organization of bio-social or interpersonal processes, relations, and experiences. This "orientation" has seemed to offer students of man a powerful theoretical principle which would enable them not only to reach a better understanding of personality in its manifold aspects but help toward a closer integration of widely differing approaches and techniques. In practice also this standpoint has had fruitful results and is being accepted more and more among students of man.

According to this idea experience is derived from and essentially consists of interpersonal relations, both real or fantastic ("imaginary") or a blend of both. Such experience may be public and overt or more or less private, covert, and "subjective," but it always occurs in a social context, having a discoverable reference to others. In this view experience occurs as an interaction or transaction of "inner" and "outer."

Dr. Karen Horney in "Neurosis and Human Growth," says that at one time she, like Adolph Meyer, Erich Fromm, H. S. Sullivan, and others, "first saw the core of neurosis in human relations." For some time "the focus was on the interpersonal factors." Neurosis,

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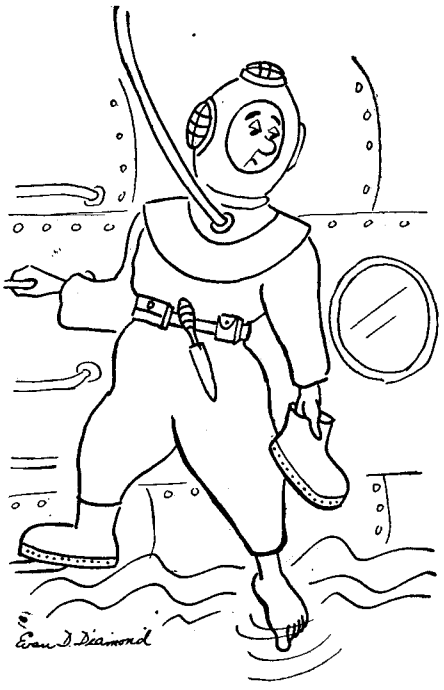

the thought then, was "essentially a disturbance in human relationships."

Now, however, she claims that she goes "beyond this definition." In her new book the focus is on "intrapsychic processes," on "intrapsychic conflicts," and pseudo-solutions of them, although she admits that they are "interwoven" with interpersonal relations. Gradually, she says, she discovered "the gateway to the whole area of intrapsychic processes presented in this book."

A neurosis arises, according to Horney, through a person's alienation from his "real self," which is a "central inner force." The real self "is the alive, unique center of ourselves; the only part that can and wants to grow." Unfortunate conditions in childhood, such as lack of affection and warmth from parents, can impede the growth of the real self. As a result the child develops a profound sense of insecurity, a basic anxiety. In order to "cope" with others he develops certain techniques of relating to them. But in an insecure child they are inadequate and do not provide a comprehensive integration of personality. His "inner strength" is sapped, his real self "prevented from a straight growth," his genuine feelings, wishes, and thoughts overridden. Alienation from his real self has already begun.

In order to find "something that will give him a hold" on life he gradually and unconsciously creates in his own mind an idealized image of himself, which gives him a feeling of significance and superiority over others. And in time the person *becomes* the idealized image, thus estranging him from his real self. This is said to be "an entirely inward process," no observable or conspicuous outward change occurring in the person. There is also a further development here—a drive or search for glory. These developments have numerous ramifications and consequences which Dr. Horney discusses in detail throughout her book.

The book has suggestive things to say about "neurotic" processes which therapists are likely to find helpful. But there is much verbal reformulation and elaboration of her previous work. As far as theoretical interpretation goes she manifests only a superficial understanding of interpersonal theory, and partly for this reason her criticisms of certain therapists, being based on misunderstanding of what they actually do in therapy, are misleading. Her idea that intrapsychic processes occur apart from an essential connection with the environing world is like a belief that we breathe inner air or digest inner food. To say that one can "go beyond" a bio-social interpretation of psychological processes is in effect to invoke a quasi-mystical inner psyche which generates and maintains intrapsychic processes. Actually Horney often teeters uncertainly between an interpersonal and an "intrapsychic," subjectivistic approach. In fact, she observes that there is "a constant interaction" between interpersonal and intrapsychic processes. It is nice to have your cake and eat it, too.

Because of her distorted understanding of interpersonal theory she gives the impression that it is limited to actual relationships between people. In criticizing certain *alleged* expectations in therapy she says the "error" does not "lie in overrating the importance of human relations but in underrating the power of intrapsychic factors," thus setting up a dichotomy between human relations and "intrapsychic factors." In addition she misinterprets the "expectations" of the therapists concerned in her criticisms.

So far as I can see, "Neurosis and Human Growth" makes no important contribution whatever to psychoanalytic theory. It offers no real evidence that the "core of neurosis" is to be found elsewhere than in human relations—when one really understands what interpersonal theory entails. In a book where the writer claims he has made a scientific advance one would like to learn occasionally just how this advance was made. All we do get are flat statements and anecdotes. And this does not constitute science.

Patrick Mullahy is author of "Oedipus: Myth and Complex, A Review of Psychoanalytic Theory."

Anxiety Is a Feeling

SAINTS, SINNERS, AND PSYCHIATRY. By Camilla M. Anderson, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 206 pp. $2.95.

By GREGORY ZILBOORG, M.D.

THE PUBLISHING market of psychiatric books is bullish. A crash is in the offing—at least one hopes that it is. Should that crash come the intelligent reader will not lose much. It is highly regrettable to find so many good doctors so eager to popularize the very essence of psychiatry and psychoanalysis that psychological perspectives are befogged; neither the reader nor the physician is able to benefit. Such terms as "peace of mind" or "sense of security" or "anxiety" seem to have lost their meaning, since so many writers fail to make clear the difference between conscious and unconscious anxiety or sense of security.

Dr. Anderson makes a valiant attempt to compose an eclectic, compact outline of everything that psychiatry can offer today. Unfortunately, she falls into the same trap as do so many present-day psychiatrists: she sets out to tell us something about psychiatry and instead begins to claim credit for a totally new psychiatry. This tendency to found new schools and invent new terms is most confusing. It is also difficult to make peace with the tendency to use some sort of jargon of doubtful literary or semantic value; among many examples: "Some seek the universal goal through status, and others through avoiding it"—clear enough, in a foggy sort of way. There is the "universal," which makes the initiated think of Jung; there is "status" (whatever it means), which would remind one of Adler; since it is not specified whether "some seek" consciously or unconsciously it is not easy to find a place for Freud.

She also states: "Anxiety is a feeling which is experienced when a person is in some manner threatened or believes himself to be in danger." This is just not so. Is this not fear?

Dr. Anderson's conscious goal is apparently a very kind, good goal. She wants to be helpful. But she has not yet mastered the art of seeing and telling clearly what it is all about. At times she seems purely intellectual and mechanistic, at other times more or less philosophically mystic. In all this the individual is lost on the altar of many generalities. Man in general can never tell us much about man in particular.

Gregory Zilboorg, a practising New York psychiatrist, is the author of "Mind, Medicine, and Man" and "A History of Medical Psychology.

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How Man Got that Way

GENETICS AND THE RACES OF MAN. By William C. Boyd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 453 pp. $6.

By Ashley Montagu

THERE are few people in the world today who could have written this important book. William C. Boyd is one of the most remarkable scientists in America. He is professor of immunochemistry at Boston University Medical School and is well known for his work in immunology and for his contributions to the genetic study of the blood groups. In addition he has established a reputation among physical anthropologists as a brilliant constructive critic. With his mathematical gifts, his profound knowledge of modern genetics, his interest in the way man got to be the way he is today as a species made up of many races Professor Boyd could scarcely have avoided producing this original and fundamental work.

There have been several books and many papers which have in part discussed the subject of race in genetical terms, but Professor Boyd's is something of a landmark in the history of science, in that for the first time the debated subject of race receives extended treatment in genetical terms within a single volume. It must be added that the unfortunate claim appearing on the back of the dust-jacket that this "constitutes the first modern book ever written covering the subject of physical anthropology" is none of the author's doing. It is offensive and incorrect. Professor Boyd makes it quite clear in his preface that he is "dealing with a particular aspect" of physical anthropology, and his book is in no sense a textbook of physical anthropology. It is limited to the discussion of race, only a small, though important, part of a vast subject.

The thesis of the book is that if racial categories are to have a valid conceptual basis they must be constructed in terms of man's genetic constitution. This is a conclusion which the advent of modern genetics has rendered irrefragibly clear. The few physical anthropologists who recognized the importance of genetics for the future development of studies in race were regarded as eccentrics by many of their colleagues, I recall an occasion in the middle Thirties at a meeting of physical anthropologists; the then doyen and most famous of physical anthropologists rose and inquired of the speaker, who had been stating the case for genetics: "What is a gene? Has anyone ever seen one? Does the doctor propose an expedition in search of the gene?" The discoverer of the genetic mechanism of the blood groups—one of the greatest and most important discoveries in the history of science—was similarly dismissed.

That was but fifteen years ago! The trend, however, even at that time was already clear. The devastating consequences of the discoveries of geneticists for much of anthropological theory and what has passed for knowledge is still unrealized by some physical anthropologists and others who dabble on the periphery of the subject. In this connection it seems to me that Professor Boyd is as a rule timid in the presence of those who are highly enthroned in Academia. It would have been a valuable contribution to the contemporary advancement of knowledge in this field if he had had the courage to risk the wrath of some of his colleagues by a dispassionate analysis of their views, instead of discreetly glossing over the confusion they have contributed to the subject.

Following an admirably clear introduction there is one of the ablest expositions of the principles of genetics I have ever read. This alone should be worth the price of the book to those who have hitherto unfruitfully struggled with the larger texts of genetics. The discussion of heredity and environment is the last word, while the exposition of the specific evolutionary factors which have been operative in producing racial differentiation is one of the best available anywhere. The trouble with physical anthropologists in the past has been that they attempted to erect a classification upon the basis of external characters, the hereditary mechanism of which was not understood and which in any case were selectively labile. By the use of such comparatively selective neutral traits as the blood groups, the genetic mechanism of which is understood, Professor Boyd shows in great detail how a sound analysis of human raciation and classification may ultimately be achieved. A discussion of man's past and of his future concludes this notable book.

Ashley Montagu is chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Rutgers University. His "Statement on Race" will be published shortly by Henry Schuman.

Heredity & Society

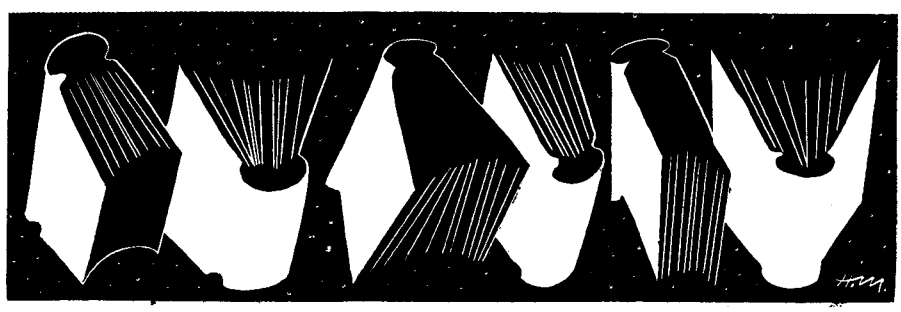
GENETICS. By H. Kalmus. Baltimore: Penguin Books, Inc. 171 pp. 35¢.

By L. C. Dunn

INCENTIVE for learning something about genetics has greatly increased in recent years. Genetics had entered the public domain long before the debate began in Russia, which culminated in 1948 in the adoption of a new Party line declaring Mendel's doctrine of heredity through discreet material particles, the genes, to be wrong and Michurin's vague notions of the inheritance of training, now revived by Lysenko, to be correct.

The importance of genetics in plant and animal breeding had been evident almost from the time that Mendel's principles were rediscovered. That was in 1900, and in the fifty years since then a whole new and unified science of heredity and variation has evolved, which found itself at its fiftieth birthday evaluation last September to be standing near the center of biology. Now genetics is discovered to have important bearing on social questions as well, through the viewpoints it establishes on the nature and causes of differences among human beings, both as between individuals and as between groups such as races. Laymen as well as biologists, farmers, and physicians must know something about heredity, which operates on the same principles in the whole living world from viruses and bacteria to man.

This book should make it possible for anyone willing to expend the necessary effort to learn a good deal about genetics. Many books published in the paper-backed editions are *about* science, few are written as systematic aids to learning, fulfilling in that respect the functions of textbooks. This book is an exception. It is a sound, well-rounded account of the principles of heredity. Although it first appeared in its present format in England in 1948, it is in all essentials up to date. The necessary background description of the chromosome mechanism of reproduction is provided and there is an introduction to the simple statistical methods needed in judging



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the numerical data from breeding experiments, from which the principles of heredity are derived. Applications of the principles to ideas about evolution, to problems of agriculture, medicine, and to such controversial proposals as eugenics are clearly outlined. The viewpoint of the author is both modern and moderate. His experience as physician and experimental biologist in Czechoslovakia and now in London is evident in his critical handling of data about man and in his exposure of the statistical pitfalls into which overenthusiastic eugenists have fallen.

His discussion of agricultural applications is chiefly based on English and continental sources and omits the one of chief economic value in the Americas—the development of hybrid corn. The book was written in 1945 before the outbreak of the Russian genetics controversy and makes no mention of it, but that is in any case primarily a political question. There is a bibliography, a glossary, and an index. Altogether a very complete and reliable book and a real bargain at the price.

L. C. Dunn is professor of zoology at Columbia University and co-author of "Principles of Heredity" and "Heredity, Race, and Society."

Science Notes

ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN: The First Fifty Years of the General Electric Research Laboratory. By Laurence A. Hawkins. Morrow. $3.50. This book is a series of brief sketches of the careers and accomplishments of members of the staff of G.E.'s research laboratory since its establishment in 1900. Actually G.E. was conducting research well before that time; Charles P. Steinmetz functioned in a barn behind his home until the barn burned down, and the wooden structure that succeeded it was flooded by the Mohawk.

The latest laboratory is also on the banks of the Mohawk but well out of the danger zone. Mr. Hawkins's study recites the achievements of Willis R. Whitney, W. D. Coolidge, and C. G. Suits, who in that order have directed the laboratory since its creation, and of physicists and engineers who have labored and triumphed there, notably Irving Langmuir, Nobel Prize winner. Mr. Hawkins is himself a G.E. executive of long standing—thirty-six of his forty-five years with the company have been spent in the research laboratory. His account is factual and unemotional, a sort of semi-centennial report, but the data

(*Continued on page* 32)

Personal History. *Every century has had its refugees, but none can compare with the twentieth. Of the millions of men and women uprooted from their homelands by politics and war, a few have had the opportunity to recount their experiences in notable books. Some of their stories are amusing in spite of touches of pathos—as in the case of the Russians who came to New York after World War I—of whom M. K. Argus writes in "Moscow-on-the-Hudson." For some it is hard to find a tear to shed; for example, Ronald Farquharson, the old Shanghai man-about-town, who sighs for the past in "Confessions of a China Hand." Most frightening are the reports of those who like Margarete Buber, of "Under Two Dictators," once tried to play ball with totalitarians.*

Warlords and Tinkling Teacups

CONFESSIONS OF A CHINA HAND. By Ronald Farquharson. New York: William Morrow & Co. 212 *pp.* $3.

By Robert Payne

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! The teacups tinkle, the hostesses in the flowered gowns move among the tables, the guns boom in Shanghai, but they are somewhere else, and soon it will be time for dinner on a windy day. It is all very pleasant. The compradore shakes his head at the stock market figures, the warlord whispers a secret to his aide de camp, the surgeon pulls on his red rubber gloves in the antiseptic hospital, and no one has observed the coolie in the rat-infested creek who slips a bullet into his revolver and makes his way slowly among the shadows.

It is this world which Ronald Farquharson, apparently with no tongue in his cheek, has revived for us in a strange book called "Confessions of a China Hand," though anything less like a confession would be hard to imagine. It is all here, except for the coolie and the revolver. Pleasantly, discreetly, he conjures up the vision of the good times when a young official of Imperial Chemicals could regard himself as a lord of Asia. He goes everywhere. He drinks a great deal. He interviews a warlord or two. China, he remarks, is an exceptionally pleasant place, and the Chinese are highly civilized, though you have to treat them the right way. Of course it will all change, but then everything changes. In a cloud of good, clean tobacco smoke the young official disappears from view with a chuckle of amusement and a lighthearted wave of a hand.

Ronald Farquharson — "a young official could regard himself as a lord of Asia."

One wonders sometimes whether the world he describes ever existed—but no, all the evidence is here. He describes his meeting with a warlord. Of course the warlord speaks like Fu Manchu and has a passion for being addressed as Herbert in memory of Lord Kitchener. We might have expected it. We might have expected, too, that the warlord would speak in the authentic tones of Sax Rohmer. The warlord is an admirable fellow who speaks like this: "Thus it is that the mute menial by whom you sit may sweep at will about the quarters of the Guard or, at such times as his uncertain health permits, boil tea for those who argue in idleness about the barrack-room."

There is a great deal more of this kind of thing, and inevitably Mr. Farquharson completes his portrait of the warlord with a passing reference to "the inscrutable look on the strangely elegant face." If he had

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done otherwise we would feel we had been let down by our side.

Evidently the publishers regard this book as a jewel. It came at the right time, and it will help us to take our minds away from the pressing facts of Korea. This book, the publishers announce, provides "a much-needed leavening in the current emphasis on Red China." So Mr. Farquharson parades his warlords, his gentle amahs, his loyal servants, and his friends among the embassies to demonstrate "the lasting human qualities of the Chinese people that wars and revolutions will not change."

Unfortunately for this thesis, wars and revolutions *do* change people. Mr. Farquharson, who is under the impression that in 1926 Chiang Kai-shek was leading a Red Army, suffers from nostalgia. It is a commendable disease, but it leads to error. Yet occasionally, when the reader is beginning to wonder whether the author of the book ever went to China at all, there is a phrase, a cadence, or perhaps only a few words in broken English which show demonstrably that he was really there. He describes accurately how the Empress Dowager was wrenched out of her tomb and her naked body thrown on the hillside divested of all ornaments, yet even then something of her imperial power remained. There are brief glimpses of Owen Lattimore as a schoolboy, of "One Arm" Sutton, of the Young Marshal Chang Hsueh Liang, and of Matsuoka as a surprisingly pro-British official of the South Manchurian Railway in the days before he became Foreign Minister; but he does not help us to understand these people.

Once however, and then it would seem almost by accident, Mr. Farquharson comes through with a phrase which has something of the horror and poignancy of the China most of us knew. He had returned to England, and it occurred to him to send his old houseboy Ah Fat a self-winding wrist watch to replace the watch which the boy had thrown into the sea at the moment when his master's ship slid down the Whangpo River. Some months later a message came from the boy in gratitude for the gift. The letter concluded: "Timepiece plenty long day go now — no savvy how to stop — s'pose no stop. Ah Fat die too soon — what thing." At such a moment Mr. Farquharson redeems the time: we forget the bumbling silliness of the old China Hands and we are grateful for the momentary illumination.

Robert Payne, who has spent much time in China, is the author of "Mao Tse-tung: Ruler of Red China" and "Zero: The Story of Terrorism."

From Hitler to Stalin to Hitler

UNDER TWO DICTATORS. By Margarete Buber. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 331 pp. $4.

By JULIAN BACH, JR.

A GENERATION ago there was a wave of novels of the "kiss and tell" type. Now there is a new wave of "kiss and tell," except that the current undulation consists not of novels but of personal reminiscences by the Koestlers, Wrights, Hydes, Budenzes, Chamberses, and Bentleys who kissed Communism and now, under the imprint of good old-fashioned capitalist publishers, wish to tell. The latest addition to this intellectually promiscuous list is Margarete Buber, the common-law wife of Heinz Neumann, who was once a power in the German Communist Party and who appears to have paid more dearly than most for her "kissing."

In 1935 Fräulein Buber and Herr Neumann fled to Moscow to escape the Gestapo. Within two years Neumann slipped off the Party line, was arrested, and never heard from again. A year later Fraulein Buber was carried off by the NKVD and without trial sentenced to Siberia for five years as "a socially dangerous element."

At the Karaganda camp she lost all final illusions about the Soviet dreamland, and the first half of her account is a blow-by-blow description of the battering she took. One of her fellow prisoners, incidentally, was the eighty-year-old stepfather of Beria, then head of the NKVD.

One day in 1940 Fräulein Buber was called out of the ranks and sent back to prison in Moscow. Eventually a hundred German Reds, including a former Reichstag member, were collected in a special group. With dramatic suddenness their fate began to change for the best. They were given clean clothes, two boiled eggs and China tea for breakfast, white sheets, pillowcases, mattresses and beds, and even chess sets.

But instead of being released they were placed on a train that finally chugged to a halt at the German-Polish-Soviet border city of Brest-Litovsk. "We got out on the Russian side of the Brest-Litovsk bridge. . . . The SS commandant and the GPU chief saluted each other. . . . We went over the bridge . . . I looked back. The GPU officials still stood there in a group watching us go. Behind them was Soviet Russia. Bitterly I recalled the Communist litany! Fatherland of the Toilers; Bulwark of Socialism; Haven of the Persecuted. . . ." As a gesture of friendship to Hitler Stalin was handing over a hundred fattened and scrubbed German Communists to the mercies of the German dictator.

Margarete Buber — "paid more dearly than most."

Fräulein Buber never saw the ninety-nine others again and she ended up in Ravensbrueck, where for five brutal years she underwent the Nazi version of concentration camp life. The last half of her prison tale concerns this period, and as between Nazi and Communist forms of degradation and starvation only a quibbler would wish to choose. When, with the approach of a Red Army in April 1945, she was marched out of Ravensbrueck and told to shift for herself she rushed pell-mell for the American lines where her ordeal ended as a young GI, inevitably switching his wad of gum from one side of his mouth to the other, drawled, "O.K., sister. Go through."

As one of the few to have suffered and probably one of a handful ever to have survived seven years in both Russian and German camps Margarete Buber should have a remarkable story to tell. Unfortunately, this rare opportunity is muffed. Her account is perfectly readable and all that, but it is strictly a surface performance. There are few psychological or political insights; she might just as well have spent seven years in any two brutal prisons in any other parts of the world. Had Fräulein Buber given us a deeper understanding of the Communist, the ex-Communist, and the Nazi mentalities her personal history might have had a distinction which in its present form it sorely lacks.

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They Were Still Generals

MOSCOW-ON-THE-HUDSON. By M. K. Argus. New York: Harper & Bros. 182 pp. $2.50.

By Maurice Hindus

M. K. ARGUS is an Americanized Russian who cannot forget the land of his birth and who cherishes the land of his adoption. He is also a writer with a keen awareness of the comedy and melodrama of life. The result is a delightful and illuminating book about the Russian intelligentsia in our midst, more particularly the men and women who fled for their lives in the early years of the Bolshevik Revolution. Page after page sparkles with wit, paragraph after paragraph glows with meaning about Russia and Russians, America and Americans.

Exiles from their homeland, these Russians came to America and especially New York with their own philosophy of life, their own social manners, their own tastes in food and fashions, in literature and art, their own humilities, and even more their own vanities. Few of them had any thought of remaining here. Longingly they waited for the day when the news would flash to them that the Bolshevik dictatorship had crashed and they could return home. But the news never came, so they built for themselves their own little world, a Russian world in constant and capricious conflict with the American world. Essentially the book is the story of these conflicts, told in terms of the men and women whom the author has known, including most delightfully himself and his American wife.

"Whenever a Russian wanted to express himself—and what Russian doesn't — he hired a hall and announced a lecture." Russians who attended the lecture and disagreed with the speaker or (which was quite rare) were inspired by him felt it incumbent to hire a hall and announce a lecture of their own. Generals became taxi drivers, professors became night watchmen, actresses became charwomen. But in their own Russian world—at parties, lectures, at any and all gatherings—they were still generals and professors and actresses and were accorded all the honors their dignified positions called for.

Quickly enough these Russians discovered that Americans cherished noble birth and exalted titles at least as much as did Russians, so Moscow-on-the-Hudson converted itself into a society of the elite, peopled with actors of the Moscow Art Theatre, dancers of the Imperial Ballet, singers of the Imperial Opera, princes, counts, grand dukes, relations of the Czar. It was easier to get a job if you could claim exalted origin, though if you failed to be a good chef, a good waiter, a good busman you lost it as promptly as you got it. Russians who were favored with dark complexions became dagger dancers, and women who couldn't convince anybody that they were Pavlovas or relations of the Czar settled for fortune-telling.

The author himself in his capacity as journalist on the *Novoye Russkoye Slovvo*, the largest Russian newspaper in this country, was constantly besieged by these Russians. Nursemaid and father confessor, he listened to their tales of woe, translated documents for them, helped them buy furniture, clothes, radios, groceries, collect debts from other Russians, settle quarrels with other Russians. He even translated manuscripts for them, including that of Leonid Zagorsky, who vowed that he had been Mrs. Stalin's lover and had to flee from his diplomatic post in Bucharest because Stalin was cunningly plotting to bring him back to Russia and turn him over to a firing squad. There was only one trouble with Zagorsky's sensational tale; he couldn't document it—not even with a single newspaper clipping or a single letter from his beloved queen in the Kremlin.

There was also Vavara Bravina, who specialized in "five o'clock" teas — which began in the morning and ended at midnight. The widow of a promising novelist, she married a Russian, who on his arrival in America set up a flourishing real-estate business to sell, mostly to Americans, mansions, estates, resort hotels, factories, forests—in Russia. But since the Bolsheviks refused to collapse the real-estate business fell to pieces and Vavara Bravina left her husband, ran away with an artist, and continued to hold five o'clock teas.

Then there was the Russian who wanted to make Americans as yoghurt-conscious as they were Coca-Cola conscious. But his scheme to become an American millionaire fizzled because he had failed to realize that Americans needed more than the scoldings of a Russian to take to yoghurt as they did to Coca-Cola.

The most charming episodes in the narrative are concerned with the author's good-natured tilts with his American wife. "Must you discuss politics with your knife and fork?" the solicitous wife asked. "I can discuss politics with my bare hands," the loving husband replied. She was not interested in Pushkin and Lermontov and the destiny of Russia. But neither could he get excited about Bob Hope, Fred Allen, or Jack Benny because to him a party or any entertainment was no success unless it was "drenched in melancholy and *Weltschmerz*." A tolerant woman, the American wife listened patiently to his long discourses on why it was important for him to spend so much time discussing the future of Russia with other Russians. In time they learned to understand each other better, for he realized that he had much more in common with her America than with the Stalinist Russia of today.

The book is a bit of Chekhov, a bit of Gogol, a bit of Mark Twain, but

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Fiction.

For its annual issue devoted to fiction's newcomers SRL *would have liked to present reviews of the work of a number of debutant writers. But, although the publishers promise many exciting books of this type later in the season, the present week brings only one by a "new" writer. The work of Francis MacManus has been highly regarded in Ireland for nearly two decades; "The Fire in the Dust" suggests that his discovery by American readers is long overdue. It is always pleasant to find veteran writers maintaining the high standards their earlier work has led us to expect of them. James Thurber has perhaps surpassed himself with a delightful but indescribable little fairy tale, "The Thirteen Clocks." Lau Shaw has another fine novel of contemporary China, "The Yellow Storm." And Josephine Delves-Broughton again offers a superior historical novel, "Officer and Gentleman," of the era of the ride of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.*

Village Sadists in Kilkenny

THE FIRE IN THE DUST. By Francis MacManus. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 256 pp. $3.

By Ann F. Wolfe

OUT OF her plenitude of brilliant fiction writers Ireland sends us another important new talent. Since 1933 Francis MacManus has been accorded recognition in Europe, but this tale of his native Kilkenny is his first major novel to be published in this country.

It was the newly arrived Golden family who innocently set fire to the dust of the little old city on the Nore. Widowed Mr. Golden was, to be sure, half Irish, but his profession of engineering had taken him all over the globe. His "foreign" appearance and his gentlemanly manners struck the Kilkenny provincials as outlandish. To the boys at the Brothers' school courteous, mature-minded Stevie Golden was an affected sissy. His love of learning and wholesome attitude toward girls made him an object of suspicion, ridicule, and even violence. His friend Larry Hackett, narrator of the story, was a decent enough youngster of average intelligence. He admired Stevie but in his adolescent prudery was baffled by the newcomer's adult viewpoint, especially on sex and religion.

The philistines and puritans might in time have accepted the Goldens had it not been for Maria, Stevie's older sister. Maria's exotic beauty and her natural, uninhibited ways not only set her apart as alien but gave rise to small-town gossip and priggish suspicion. A certain mystery in her background helped fan the suspicion into vicious rumors and accusations of immorality.

Miss Dreelin put forth every pious effort to fan the suspicion. Miss Dreelin was the genteel spinster who ran the religious goods store and all but ran parochial morals. Lonely Mr. Golden, seeking companionship, had unconsciously overwhelmed her with his harmless gallantries and kindly charm. The attentive widower, alas, was an unbeliever, but—well, matrimony would save his soul Miss Dreelin was sure.

As the desperate woman strains to ensnare the father of the children she hates, the horror of the situation lies less in her frantic scheming than in the passion of a long-repressed woman gone suddenly man-mad. Together her scheming and her passion brought tragedy to Stevie, the one person in the world who worried about her psychopathic concept of religion.

"The Fire in the Dust" glows with artistry of atmosphere and character creation and gives off the warmth of a poet's insight into the human soul. Since the author writes Irishly, *sub specie aeternitatis*, no man in his prejudice-ridden populace stands wholly condemned. The school principal's sadism has roots in grinding pain. Even evil-minded Miss Dreelin, flaunting her self-made crown of martyrdom, is mantled in Stevie's pity and his boyish concern.

Nor is the town devoid of saving characters. Father Jaspar, lamenting that "some people would see wickedness in a newborn baby," loves the Goldens and tries to help them. And what a miracle of a character Katie is! A Kilkenny Pegotty with the divil's own tongue and the heart of an angel. This man MacManus has power and discipline. He writes, as he himself might put it, more out of the bone than the flesh.

—*From "The Thirteen Clocks."*

Of Goluxes & Todals

THE THIRTEEN CLOCKS. By James Thurber. New York: Simon & Schuster. 124 pp. $2.50.

By David McCord

I HAVE never read James Thurber's "The White Deer." This is of no significance (beyond my loss) save that one or two of the magazines which I read recently while having my shoes shined declared that "The Thirteen Clocks" is better than or not as good as "The White Deer" — I forget which. What of it? "The Thirteen Clocks" is a lot better than I thought it would be. And I thought it would be what my Greek waiter at the Greek restaurant always says of the Yeourti — "the best." Of course not even all Thurber can be "the best." Sometimes in this weather I want to say: "Look, Pardner: Stop applaudin' the god in Auden." Same for Th.; the man has a right to be human. Human! That's the word. It takes a certified human to write about such uneasy characters as a Golux, a prince named Xingu, and a Todal that looks like a blob of glup. If you think that *die Gebrüder Grimm*, L. Frank Baum, Bram Stoker, and the Apocrypha have prepared you for "The Thirteen Clocks" think again. Thurber alone has prepared you for it. That's what he was doing the night the bed fell on father.

A friend of mine who paints New England watercolors used to argue that a good watercolor ought not to need a frame. He is an idealist, of

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What Price Tolerance?

AS THE National Conference of Christians and Jews enters on its annual Brotherhood Week campaign the world presents a sorry negation of all that for which the campaign stands. There is everywhere ill will between peoples; racial animosities and rival ideologies are staining the world with blood, and half of civilization lives in monstrous fear of all that the other half may intend. Tolerance has come to mean tolerance of abnormal conditions, of high prices and high taxes, disorganized lives, young men torn from the pursuits of peaceful living to buttress resistance against aggression, government wrested from concern for human welfare to designs for human destruction. It has come to mean tolerance of suspicion, of hasty accusation and reckless assassination of character, of the reversal of the time-honored national policy of the open door.

There is tolerance and tolerance, and men can be suborned to tolerate the intolerable as well as to set aside their bitterest prejudices. In this past year they have been seduced by fear, by caution, by necessary policy to accept what they hate, to countenance what they have traditionally abhorred lest by not doing so they be forced to tolerate an order of society they would rather die than accept.

Part of the misfortunes of our day are due to the loose thinking that prevailed after World War I. For in the swing away from the animosities it engendered, somehow tolerance as such became a virtue and to forgive meant to slur over wrong instead of facing the fact that lasting peace could only rest on a proper understanding of intention as well as of past conditioning. To distribute the blame for the outbreak of catastrophe became not only a task for the discrimination of historians but a fetish for the romanticism of many self-styled liberals. What in the glaring reality of German aggression had worn the incontrovertible aspect of evil was processed into the excusable, and the basic distinction between right and wrong was sicklied over into an ascription of common fault that confused all values.

It is not thus that moral battles are won. Men cannot love justice without hating injustice or build right by condoning wrong. If life is to have any meaning it must have some pattern for living—must establish and maintain certain standards as the bedrock of judgment. Reason as well as charity of spirit dictate forgiving the sinner, but neither reason nor charity demands minimizing the sin. Tolerance to be a virtue must on the other side of its shield carry the merit of intolerance. The rapid advances that the past few years have made in the weakening of interracial prejudices and injustices have come about through the intolerance of those who have ceased to believe that time will bring a cure for the strains and stresses in our society and who are determined to bend every energy to active removal of them. It has been the policy, for instance, of the National Conference of Christians and Jews (a misnomer, indeed, since its activities know no limitation of creed or race) to carry on warfare against discrimination and underprivilege on two fronts—to wage an insistent attack on existing abuses simultaneously with carrying on an educational campaign to build good will. Thus it pursues a resolute intolerance of what is ill-adjusted and oppressive in our civilization while constantly urging the tolerance which means fair opportunity for all classes of the community.

The National Conference has used the power of press and pulpit and law to hasten reform and has been as positive in its fight to promote tolerant sentiment as it has been assiduous in its efforts to make inequitable conditions intolerable. Its campaign is carried on unceasingly, in the stories and articles that appear in every sort of magazine, in the editorials that not only Northern but Southern, not only general but denominational journals and newspapers run, on the stage and screen, in the schoolroom, in the law courts, and in the halls of government.

Brotherhood Week, which is being observed this week, focuses the continuing effort dramatically for the public, but the effort itself is of every week and every day throughout the year. The principles and aims of the National Conference of Christians and Jews as expressed in Brotherhood Week should enlist the support of every good American and bring home to the individual his personal responsibility for the injustices of society. Only by being intolerant of the tolerance that ignores present ills will they be eliminated. —A. L.

Bookmarks

A "TRADE" book, in publishing jargon, is a general book—something that is not a juvenile, not a textbook, not a technical treatise, but the sort of thing that could (and the publisher hopes will) interest everybody. A "trade" magazine, however, is the exact opposite—a periodical aimed at a particular, specialized group. A book on chemical engineering is not a "trade" book, but a magazine for chemical engineers is a "trade" magazine. A 324-page love story *is* a "trade" book, but a 324-page magazine made up principally of love stories is not a "trade" magazine. The magazine people, it seems to us, have the better of this semantic deal. We are inevitably reminded of the two little Catholic boys who were walking along the street and passed an Episcopalian rector in a turned-around collar. "Look at the new father!" said Boy A. "He ain't no father," said Boy B. "He's got six kids."

* * *

Why is it that characters in novels who enter crowded restaurants always get tables—and usually nice corner ones?

* * *

Biographers and historians could occasionally assist their readers by indicating the pronunciations of unusual, difficult, or odd proper names, on the pattern adopted some years ago by the editors of "Who's Who in America." There are times when even a novelist could dispense such largess, though there is little excuse for a novelist to work himself into such an equivocal position to begin with.

* * *

Alcatraz has a library of ten thousand volumes, and Warden James A. Johnston, in his account of his charges and the lives they lead, takes pride in the fact that of the twenty most popular books determined by a Gallup poll the prison stacks house all but one. The missing title is "Little Women."
—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Edna St. Vincent Millay

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following letter is from Norma Millay, sister of the late poet and her literary executor.*

SIR: I have read several replies to an appraisal of the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay by John Ciardi [*SRL* Nov. 11]; the original article has now been sent me, and I find its originality striking, to say the least. It has already been said that Mr. Ciardi handed us his confessions under a misleading and inviting title, but no notice seems to have been taken of the poet Ciardi showing beneath Miss Millay's stanzas like a grimy slip. I have counted eight original mistakes in the few quotations he allotted her, and his French, which he twice makes her "make" someone say, is so original as not to have been invented.

I appreciate of course that the author worked against time, that he wished to get his article into print while a sense of personal loss was being keenly felt throughout the country for its beloved poet.

I quote the author in his appraisal: "And suddenly it was years later and the youngness had fled." Whose youngness, Mr. Ciardi? Are you sure? Can it be that *you* had become too old to understand "The Fitting," a later poem you attempt to interpret for us, while you state you had stopped reading her? You lament that she no longer wrote "of the body in love" and give us evidences of its passing by some strange examples—very strange: a direction in a play for an offstage sound; an observation made by one of the characters who had been drinking for hours, obviously selected by you for the words "son of a bitch" (you were always so alert to words like "curse" and "whore" — remember? — so that one wonders what "Euclid alone has looked on Beauty bare," that called for the embellishment of the youth Ciardi, moon and girl, really meant to you); and your third example, and this I struggle to believe, is "The Fitting." You write of this: "Instead of the endless energy of the girl we are presented the matron posing before her dressmaker—." This, a poem of a body so in love that it is losing weight noticeably thereby and, quite the opposite to "posing," the lady does not dare recognize herself in the mirror for fear of disclosing her mind, wholly occupied with the coming evening and *him*, "While they murmur busily in the distance," they, snipping their cold shears against her.

Had Mr. Ciardi been thoughtful enough to state in a subtitle that "The Goose Girl" strikes him as "the most typical" of Miss Millay's works readers could have gone on at their own risk. In this poem, by the way, the word is "forevermore" not "for evermore"; there is a comma after "horseback"; a period after "still." Mr. Ciardi's selection of the typical Millay shows the type of reader, I should say, rather than a work representative of a poet whose sonnets, collected some time back, numbered 161 while we were told of several sequences not included.

Edna St. Vincent Millay began writing poems in the Nineties; wrote poetry in the first decade of this century in its Teens, in the Twenties, in the Thirties, in the Forties, and in the Fifties until she died—because she was a poet. And there are undeniable evidences that she is widely read, understood, and deeply loved.

I wish to add that I believe the misquoting of poetry to be due usually to a too personal enthusiasm, but that in writing by a person connected with the English department of any school it becomes ignorance together with an arrogant disregard for authenticity and should be disclosed as such. Mr. Ciardi's inability to understand the work of a poet is his misfortune.

NORMA MILLAY.

Austerlitz, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Other men catch bears and wolves, but all you ever get me is these little minks."

Sinclair Lewis

SIR: Harrison Smith's "Sinclair Lewis: Remembrance of the Past" [*SRL* Jan. 27] somehow gives a completely different picture of this author than any other I have encountered. The nostalgic element in it is touching and real, as all the rest is real.

MAUDE BEAMISH.

Harrisburg, Pa.

America and the Mind of Europe

SIR: Sincere thanks for that wonderful number "America and the Mind of Europe" [*SRL* Jan. 13]. The Arthur Koestler article alone is worth the price of a year's subscription.

CLARE LYON HARDMAN.

Hollywood, Calif.

SIR: In "America and the Mind of Europe" there appears a letter from Sarah Gertrude Millin (originally printed in *The Spectator*) concerning George Bernard Shaw and his knowledge of D. H. Lawrence. She quotes Shaw as telling Smuts: "Every schoolgirl of sixteen should read 'Lady Chatterley's Lover.'" This may be so; but one may assume that Shaw would have read the novel before recommending it, and—on the basis of some correspondence I had with Shaw last summer—this seems doubtful.

In connection with some work I have been doing on Lawrence I attempted to trace down the story current in all biographies about Lawrence, and recently reprinted by Richard Aldington (in his "D. H. Lawrence: Portrait of a Genius But . . .") that when Lawrence was broke during World War I a number of well-known writers came to his aid, and that Shaw contributed five pounds. In reply to my query about Lawrence Shaw sent one of his postcards, informing me that: "No. Bernard Shaw never had any contacts or relations with DHL, nor read any of his books but one, and that one with difficulty. His man was T. E. Lawrence of Arabian fame."

This of course seemed to settle the matter. But then I read Mr. Aldington's new biography of Lawrence, and there was the story again. Another letter to Shaw, and another reply: "In the days when I could afford to throw £5 notes about and the name of D. H. Lawrence was unknown to me, Pinker may have got one out of me; but I have not the faintest recollection of anything of the kind or of Mrs. Carswell or Mr. Aldington. This is final." And it was, as Shaw died soon after. The reference to Pinker is to J. B. Pinker, Lawrence's literary agent. Mrs. Carswell wrote a book about Lawrence (containing so many inaccuracies that she was forced to revise it under threat of prosecution)

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which first brought out the Shaw story. In her revised edition of this book, "The Savage Pilgrimage," Mrs. Carswell maintains that Shaw denied the story only because it made him look cheap.

In any case it would seem that Shaw had no contact and little knowledge of D. H. Lawrence. If "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was the one book of Lawrence's that Shaw read ("and that one with difficulty") it hardly seems to have impressed him. St. John Irvine is probably incorrect in assuming that "Lady Chatterley" would have horrified Shaw. From all indications it would merely have bored him.

H. L. ADLERSTEIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

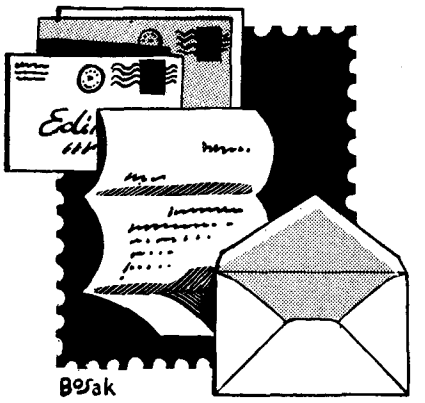
SIR: After reading "America and the Mind of Europe" this is the kind of family portrait that emerges:

A rather lively, self-searching, fairly wealthy young woman; her husband, an elderly, distinguished gentleman quite impoverished; his mother, an old lady who is kept in chronic bad temper by the sting of her self-absorbing aristocracy and the barb of her family poverty.

Does anyone know what it means to have a mother-in-law deeply self-centered, immersed in past grandeurs, embittered by poverty? America does, the young lady whose mother-in-law is Europe. She is, in her innocence, a little shocked perhaps at the dowager's unregenerate pride. Having naively confused age and beauty with goodness she is not prepared for this, having before the fact innocently assumed that her mother-in-law would be wise and mellow, not cynical and self-pitying. Interminably hit over the head with her mother-in-law's cultural pretensions, she had at first believed herself truly a "cultural barbarian." Later she had imagined that her mother-in-law would come to understand her and to observe that there was a Melville as well as an Edison in her past; a Wolfe as well as a Mr. X who invented television; that although "you look abroad in vain for contributions by the intelligentsia of the United States," nevertheless somehow a Mr. Faulkner had received the Nobel prize.

And what of the husband? As his mother's son he naturally looks down on the young wife with a fondly patronizing air. He is in love with her, perhaps, but she is rich and therefore uncouth.

No one receives more advice than a young woman in such circumstances. Trying to pull herself up to the lofty spiritual level of her husband and her mother-in-law she is told on one hand to find "a new Tom Paine"; her mother-in-law doesn't want to hear "about a new 'Babbitt' but about a new Emerson." And at precisely the same moment she is warned: "Whereas we insist almost masochistically upon scrutinizing the horrible conse-



quences of our weaknesses, you seem to be tempted to run away from your spiritual and cultural failings, you refuse to face them." To Babbitt or not to Babbitt, that is the question.

She is not stupid, however. She recognizes the double standard by which she is to be judged for television and they for Shakespeare, Dante, and Molière. Like the sober, self-searching young woman that she is, she does not turn pettishly away from these two scolds, in spite of occasional Hooveristic impulses. For she knows that all they say is true—of the whole family. Cultural barbarism is not American. It is human.

CORNELIA JESSEY.

Cathedral City, Calif.

Dilemma

SIR: The recently announced general price freeze provides for some curious exemptions. For example, prices of books are not frozen; neither are prices of fresh vegetables. I already spend a scandalous portion of my income on books. Though only a haphazard vegetarian I weight my food budget heavily in favor of beans, stalks, and leafage. A dreary choice is giving me the stare: either abandon a lifelong code of intelligent living or shoot my frozen salary every pay day for two books and a Brussels sprout.

EDWARD H. DARE.

New York, N. Y.

Ben Jonson Quotes Ben Jonson

SIR: The following "parallel columns" may interest your readers. The first is from Ben Jonson's verses prefixed to the first Shakespeare folio of 1623, the latter from his "Discoveries."

Ben Jonson on Shakespeare

". . . or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth. . . ."

Ben Jonson on Francis Bacon

"He hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece or haughty Rome; . . . so that he may be named the mark and acme of our language."

STEWART ROBB.

New York, N. Y.

Good News

▸ *Holiday* magazine has begun giving annual awards to "those movies and movie-makers that have made outstanding and honest contributions to the role of the American movie as an ambassador abroad." Believing that "the influence of the American movie throughout the world is almost too great to be estimated" the editors of *Holiday* are trying to fill a gap in existing movie awards by concentrating on those films that have best fulfilled the role of American cultural ambassadors. The awards for 1950 went to "The Jackpot," "Mystery Street," Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and Ida Lupino.

▸ Despite strong protests by the Union of South Africa, the special political committee of the U.N. General Assembly voted that the text of the South African Group Areas Act (providing for racial segregation) be distributed among its members as an official document. It will be the first piece of domestic legislation of any U.N. member to be so examined. Brig. Gen. Carlos P. Romulo said that the General Assembly is "fully entitled" to voice its concern over the conduct of a state which "purposely and deliberately flouts" the principles and purposes of the charter and the Declaration of Human Rights.

▸ For several years Cassandras have been predicting that television would make serious inroads on book reading. A heartening report from W. W. Norton & Co. tells a different story. Norton's January sales "were 26 per cent higher than those for any previous 'spring' month in our history." Back-list books as well as best sellers accounted for this record sale.

▸ President Whitney Griswold of Yale announced an anonymous gift of $1,000,000 dollars to the university for the advancement of research in the humanities. Dr. Griswold said the money will be used "to assist younger members of the faculty to establish themselves as productive scholars at a period in their careers when so much of their time and energy is required for teaching." Fellowship holders will be granted a year's leave of absence from their duties at stipends equal to their teaching salaries.

▸ Five out of every eight servicemen blinded in World War II have a job or are training for one. The Veterans Administration announced that 1,004 of the 1,694 blinded are employed in just about every kind of job there is—from glue mixer to radio station operator.

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NEW EDITIONS

THE NEW edition of "Selected Essays of T. S. Eliot" (Harcourt, Brace, $4.50) contains the bulk of the work on which rests Mr. Eliot's reputation as a critic and from which every reader may decide for himself whether or not that reputation is justified by critical accomplishment. Four essays have been added to the edition of 1932. These papers—"The *Pensées* of Pascal," "Modern Education and the Classics," "Religion and Literature," and "In Memoriam"—can hardly be called new, as they were first published in 1931, 1932, 1935, and 1936 and were gathered together in "Essays Ancient and Modern." But three of the four give interesting evidence of their author's increasing preoccupation with the truths of revealed religion and religious standards of literary judgment and contribute to an understanding of his intellectual and spiritual development; while the fourth is his critical response to the "abundance, variety, and complete competence" of a "great master of metric as well as of melancholia." So they are valuable additions.

Pascal is the writer whom, above all others, Eliot recommends to those whose road to belief is barred by doubt; and in his essay on the great apologist he indicates the "powerful and concurrent reasons" that compelled him, Eliot, to embrace Catholic Christian dogma. In "Modern Education and the Classics" he argues that the study of Greek and Latin is essential to the survival and development of a Christian civilization, and he urges that the monastic teaching orders be revived and expanded. "Religion and Literature," pointing to the pitfalls that imperil the Christian reader of today's literature, expounds the thesis that it is the duty of all Christians to maintain "consciously certain standards and criteria of criticism over and above those applied by the rest of the world" and to test all reading matter by these standards and criteria. Mr. Eliot's fame must be warming to his heart and soul; but that he should be an object of ardent admiration for so many infidels must sometimes give him pause, and even pain.

Most of the essays and reviews that compose John Middleton Murry's "John Clare and Other Studies" (British Book Centre, $3), like most of Eliot's selected essays, belong to the second decade of our century; and half of them were included in the first and second series of Mr. Murry's "Countries of the Mind." To turn from Eliot to Murry is to turn from a severely unemotional critic to one who expresses his emotions frankly, gladly, and infectiously. It is to pass from a comparatively cold and austere literary landscape to one of warmer hues and more genial contours. That excess of personal feeling can sometimes lead a critic into sentimentality is proved by Mr. Murry's attitude toward Chekov; but this is a single lapse in a volume that contains intelligent and illuminating studies of Flaubert, John Clare, Stendhal, Amiel, Spenser, Shakespeare, Proust, and a dozen other subjects. Mr. Eliot's dispassionateness is, of course, in accord with his ideal of criticism. But I think it might be cogently argued that if there is any important deficiency in his relationship to literature it is a deficiency of outspoken emotion.

"English Masterpieces" (Prentice-Hall, 7 vols., $10.75 the set; separately priced at $1.65, with the exception of the last volume, which is $2) is a series of sound, conventional anthologies, edited by William Frost, Maynard Mack, and Leonard Dean, under the titles of "The Age of Chaucer," Elizabethan Drama," "Renaissance Poetry," "Milton," "The Augustans," "Romantic and Victorian Poetry," and "Modern Poetry." The appearance of these volumes is old-fashioned, in the dyslogistic sense of the word, and the same must be said of the "Macdonald Illustrated Classics" (Coward-McCann, $2 each), of which I have seen "Vanity Fair," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "The Three Musketeers," "The Essays of Robert Louis Stevenson," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and Other Stories," and "The Autobiography and Journals of Benjamin Robert Haydon." But any series of reprints that gives me an excuse to reread Haydon's great autobiography—one of the masterpieces of the genre—has my blessing.

An attractive addition to Henry Regnery's Great Books is "Huckleberry Finn," with illustrations from the first edition; and the same tale, with an introduction by T. S. Eliot, is now in the Cresset Library (Chanticleer Press, $2). . . . New Signet Book: Conrad's "The Heart of Darkness and The Secret Sharer" (25¢). New Pocket Book: "This is America," compiled by Max Herzberg (25¢).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

In Paper Covers

EDITOR'S NOTE: With this issue *SRL* inaugurates a new feature—a monthly checklist of the most notable books that have become available in low-priced, paper-bound editions.

Fiction

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT. By Erich Maria Ramarque. New York: Lion Books. 190 pp. 25¢. This story of German army life is generally regarded as one of the finest novels to come out of World War I. Originally published in 1929.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH. By John Steinbeck. New York: Bantam Books. 570 pp. 35¢. Mr. Steinbeck's rough but tender report on the Oklahoma farmers who sought refuge from the depression in the promised land of California has already become a classic.

THE HUNTER. By Hugh Fosburgh. New York: Bantam Books. 570 pp. 35¢. This story of a man who yearned for the life of hunter and a wife who preferred a more workaday husband builds up to an exciting climax.

LAUGHING BOY. By Oliver La Farge. New York: Pocket Books. 259 pp. 25¢. Mr. La Farge received the Pulitzer Prize in fiction in 1930 for this poetically-told tale of a young Navajo silversmith, his loves and ambitions.

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM. By Nelson Algren. New York: Pocket Books. 453 pp. 25¢. Mr. Algren's bitter, realistic tale of life among the gamblers, petty thieves, strippers, and dope peddlers of Chicago's Division Street won last year's National Book Award.

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD. By Norman Mailer. New York: New American Library Signet Books. 605 pp. 50¢. A doomed platoon on a Pacific island. Many critics have called it the best novel of World War II yet published.

THE SHELTERING SKY. By Paul Bowles. New York: New American Library Signet Books. 221 pp. 25¢. Port Moresby's attempt to iron out the difficulties of a loveless marriage in the Sahara desert leads to many shocking and romantic episodes. The plot is reminiscent of "The Sheik," but the literary craftsmanship is distinguished.

General

ALL THE SHIP'S AT SEA. By William J. Lederer. New York: Pocket Books. 230 pp. 25¢. A commander in the Regular Navy spins some rowdy and amusing yarns picked up during two decades on land and sea.

BLACK BOY. By Richard Wright. New York: New American Library Signet Books. 207 pp. 25¢. The moving and often harrowing autobiography of a Negro who drifted from Natchez to Chicago to Brooklyn. Mr. Wright is well known for his novels "Native Son" and "Uncle Tom's Children."

THE CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS. By Bertrand Russell. New York: New American Library Signet Books. 142 pp. 25¢. The new Nobel Prize winner offers the layman recipes for avoiding unhappiness and achieving contentment in his work and personal relations.

INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC SCIENCE. By George Soule. New York: New American Library Mentor Books. 138 pp. 35¢. A primer on the economic forces that control our lives by a nationally known teacher and writer on economics.

THE WOODEN HORSE. By Eric Williams. New York: Bantam Books. 246 pp. 25¢. The exciting, factual story of the escape of a group of British officers from a German prison camp during World War II.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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Seeing Things

FAMILY ALBUM

WE EXPECT a blurb-writer to be blurby. Count his superlatives among the demands of a profession in which enthusiasm is obligatory and measured judgment a liability. I was not surprised, therefore, to find on the jacket of "A Pictorial History of the American Theatre, 1900-1950"* a line insisting that "all the magic"—yes, that is what it says—"all the magic of the American theatre for the past fifty years has been captured by Daniel Blum in this magnificently illustrated book."

I was surprised, however, by Helen Hayes's foreword. Miss Hayes is not a blurb-writer. She is an actress of exceptional ability and a person whose integrity is beyond question. I am certain she means what she says when she salutes Mr. Blum's album as "a permanent record of all the great plays and players of our time." Or when she asserts there has been no book up to now which in the years to come will be as valuable to actors and theatre lovers. I only wish I could agree with her and persuade myself that we had been looking at the same volume.

I do not mean to deny that Mr. Blum's is quite a book in its utterly pedestrian way. There being no other just like it, it is probably the best of its kind. But a poor, even a shoddy, best it seems to me. Beyond dispute it has been done with affection. This would be an agreeable recommendation if only affection were a guarantee of distinction. It is ambitious, too, and represents a superhuman amount of sweatful labor. It is also amusing since it provides the kind of fun which comes only from thumbing through a collection of old family snapshots.

In its way this "Pictorial History" is also something of a reference book if for no other reason than that it is a memory-jogger. Our visual recollections of people off or on the stage are apt to be uncertain. We tend to see them as they are, forgetting what they once were and permitting the present image to obliterate the past one. Mr. Blum's pages remind us how incredibly young those now venerable but still young-looking used to be. If his compilation preserves the years, it also peels them off. It contains more than 3,000 photographs, and that is a lot of photographs. It ought to be enough to satisfy everyone. It ought to be enough even to do justice to the five decades of theatrical activity Mr. Blum is seeking to record.

Why then, I am forced to ask myself, if Mr. Blum's "Pictorial History" is so prodigal with illustrations, can I not share Miss Hayes's admiration for it? Why do the many favorable reviews the volume has received leave me perplexed? And why does the blurb-writer previously referred to convince me that a bright future lies ahead of him if only he turns to fiction?

I do not blame Mr. Blum if his text, which on every page is surrounded by copious pictures, makes for dreary reading. In summarizing his many seasons he has thousands of productions to deal with and his photographs barely leave him the room in which to list names and titles. Perhaps it is inevitable, therefore, that he should write colorlessly as a statistician about a world of color and emotion. I would not object to the grayness of his seasonal catalogues if even the best of the pictures in his book were not reproduced in tones no less gray.

The point of Mr. Blum's volume is, of course, its pictures and these raise several vital questions. They are more than questions of taste and editorial decision. They touch upon the very nature of stage illusion. When it comes to having a likeness made of its true qualities, the theatre-in-performance is the most uncooperative of sitters. It is by common and inevitable admission a hydra-headed form. The published script, even if it lives a glorious independent life of its own as literature, is never exactly the same play that theatregoers saw on a particular night when it was directed, designed, lighted, costumed, and acted by a particular group.

The kind of theatre we all know and enjoy in a playhouse is not one person, one song, one episode, one setting, or one kind of acting or writing. It is a thousand things, including the mood or temperament of the person who happens to be seeing it, the audience in which he finds himself, and what is actually happening that night—that special night—behind and across the footlights. Essentially, however, the theatre's so-called magic, when it is magical, is a matter of movement. It is the result of the continuous flow of words, ideas, colors, and groupings; of jokes racing to their points; of scenes building to their climaxes; of dancers going through their routines; of changing lights and varied moods; and of personalities no less than plots in action. For this reason its pleasures and excitements are hard to capture on the wing and impossible to capture in their entirety.

GRANTING this inescapable difficulty, Mr. Blum's "Pictorial History" presents other difficulties of Mr. Blum's own making. His choice has been to rely only on photographs. This seems to me a serious blunder. Surely painters have demonstrated they can be the equals of the best of cameramen in immortalizing stage personalities and performances in theatrical terms. For proof of this we do not have to turn to the past—to Watteau's "The Italian Comedians," to Zoffany's "Lethe," to Opie's "Betty, the Infant Roscius," to Reynolds's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," or a hundred other stage portraits which in themselves are a vibrant and self-contained kind of theatre. We can come closer to our own day or even invade the period covered by Mr. Blum. We can mention Sargent's Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth, John Alexander's Joseph Jefferson as Bob Acres, George Luks's Otis Skinner as Colonel Philippe Bridau, or Eugene Speicher's Katharine Cornell as Candida. The photographers are few who have approached, much less matched, these painters in getting to the heart of a performance and recreating its attributes.

If I omit the engravers who over the centuries did so much to preserve the transient wonders of the theatre

*A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE, 1900-1950. By Daniel Blum. New York: Greenberg Publisher. 288 pp. $7.50.

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IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
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and its players, it is simply because the camera has replaced them. There remain, however, the stage and costume designers of our own times—artists such as Robert Edmond Jones, Norman Geddes, Lee Simonson, Donald Oenslager, Jo Mielziner, Mordecai Gorelik, Stewart Chaney, Boris Aronson, Ralph Alswang, Cecil Beaton, Aline Bernstein, Motley, Valentina, Lucinda Ballard, and the rest. Certainly their sketches strike nearer to the nerves and arteries of the theatre as we have known and relished it than do any number of flat photographs which give no idea of the total scene, which lack excitement, and which most frequently have the artistic merits of passport pictures.

Mr. Blum, however, feels differently. To him a pictorial history of our stage seems to be limited to the work of cameramen. Although such a choice is his privilege, it is odd that he does not give proper credit for individual pictures and makes no distinction between the merits of our different stage photographers. Without question Francis Bruguière was one of the best, if not the best, of these. Though he is represented with the Barrymore Hamlet, he is not mentioned, and no room is found for many other fine examples of his craftsmanship. In the same way Arnold Genthe receives no thanks for his beautiful portrait of the gray-haired Duse. Neither, for that matter, does White for the acres and acres of flashlights which make no pretense of preserving the original values of settings as they were lighted.

Needless to say, there are some excellent shots and quite a few good ones among Mr. Blum's 3,000 and more photographs. On the theory that anyone who swings a bat long enough will sooner or later hit a ball, this is bound to be true. What distresses me, however, is the enormous number of pictures which, though not without their interest as curiosities, are absolutely devoid of quality and tell little or nothing about the plays or players which are their subjects.

I willingly admit that there are actors, such as Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Ellen Terry, Maude Adams, Fritzi Scheff, Harry Lauder,

Bone-Spear

By Witter Bynner

DEATH sends his bone-spear upward through the heart
When friends are false. Better one's own demise
In dust than theirs in nothingness, better to part
In death from them than thiswise.

"A fine play by Sidney Kingsley, who has also staged it brilliantly...an unusually distinguished piece of work, and I recommend it to you heartily." —WOLCOTT GIBBS, NEW YORKER
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S Brilliant Play
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ALFRED de LIAGRE, JR., presents
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SECOND THRESHOLD
with MARGARET PHILLIPS
and HUGH REILLY
By PHILIP BARRY
Revised by ROBT. E. SHERWOOD
MOROSCO, 45 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Film Programs Puzzling?
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Ethel Barrymore, Pauline Lord, Jeanne Eagels, Florence Reed, Katharine Cornell, Tallulah Bankhead, the Lunts, and many others, whose personalities are sufficiently electric to create in us a sense of the living theatre when all we are seeing is portrait photographs of them. But who, unless they had recollections to guide them, would know how fabulous in its scale was Reinhardt's "The Miracle" from a tiny close-up of Orville Caldwell and Rosamond Pinchot kneeling at the feet of Lady Diana Manners posed as a Madonna? Who could guess the sorcery of Mei Lan-Fang, whose hands were among his glories, from a picture of postage stamp size in which his hands are not shown? Who would identify "The Road to Rome" as a comedy from a shot in which a scowling Philip Merrivale seems on the verge of cutting Jane Cowl's throat with a dangerously long dagger? Who could imagine the charming simplicity of the staging of "Our Town" by looking at a group of actors huddled around Frank Craven in the marriage scene? Who could ever be expected to realize the breath-taking wonder of Laurence Olivier's Oedipus from the static figure in the photograph chosen by Mr. Blum?

I could cite any number of other instances of such inadequacy, but these may suffice to indicate that Mr. Blum's "Pictorial History" is the kind of book to which a good deal of knowledge must be brought if it is to be fully understood or enjoyed. The theatre it presents is a matter of scant and often misleading hints thrown out rather than of reliable reminders. It is a theatre of stilled orchestras, petrified dancers, gagless comedians, wordless dramas, and colorless settings and costumes. Since it is a pictorial record, there is no escaping this. But there are pictorial records and pictorial records. To compare the illustrations in Mr. Blum's compilation with those in the bound volumes of the old *Theatre Arts Monthly* is to become aware at once of how different in quality, selection, range, format, and reproduction such pictorial records can be.

I do not mean to be too harsh on Mr. Blum's book. Its major defect is that it could and should be much better. It has the virtue of being close to Broadway in its tone, quality, and feeling. Yet what it fails to supply is the dignity, heat, joy, or importance of the theatre which on one unpredictable night after another manages in mysterious ways to come to life—in spite of Broadway. This is the theatre which, after all, creates memories and haunts our minds. It is this same theatre which Mr. Blum must have hoped to record, even if it has eluded him.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Goes to the Movies

YIPPEE-YI-O-KY-ID

IT'S my duty this week to report on a quintet of Western films, and I might as well admit that I went to them in a somewhat prejudiced frame of mind. A friend hearing I was off on this kick armed me with the latest intelligence on the subject, which, as it turned out, appeared recently in a periodical I have somehow always regarded nervously. The magazine is called *Neurotica*, and it contained some heady material: an article on heroin addicts, a story about a South Sea island called Paranoia, an analysis of the sexual implications of mambo, and an essay by Alfred Towne titled "The Myth of the Western Hero."

"The Western film, and its hero," Mr. Towne writes, "is fast becoming America's number one candidate for the cultural analytical couch." Nor does he mince words after that. The gun — the six-shooter — is, he announces, a barefaced potency symbol, and for him "the plots of these movies are fantastic in their blatant homosexuality."

Sure enough in John Ford's "Rio Grande" (Republic) there was Mr. Towne's "father-surrogate," John Wayne, playing a grouchy and grizzled colonel of cavalry. One of the grouchy colonel's new recruits is a son he hasn't seen in fifteen years. A few hours later along comes the wife the colonel hasn't seen in fifteen years either—obviously Mr. Towne's "ever-clarifying pattern of rejection of women." The only trouble is that by the time a couple of hundred Apaches have been killed and the bugle (another potency symbol?) has blown for the last of the cavalry charges the colonel has gone back to living with his wife. I was badly puzzled: how equate the rejection and the acceptance? Was I discerning ambivalence in Westerns? About the only solid conclusion I could reach was that John Ford was wrapping up in exciting new ribbons the same old package that had made a lot of money before. This is an item that has always been fairly strong in Hollywood's subconscious.

—*E. W. Bartlett.*

But when I viewed "Branded" (Paramount) I could see right off that Alan Ladd was rejecting everybody, women and men alike, and he said as much within the picture's first sixty seconds. Choya (Ladd) was holed up in this general store with a bunch of mean folks outside taking pot-shots at him. The grizzled storekeeper said, "Choya, what good's a gunfighter's life? Ain't you got anybody real close to you? Any folks?" Choya's face was frozen solid-like as he turned to the storekeeper, and it came as a kind of surprise to hear him talk. "*These* are my folks," he said, meaning the guns, "they take care of me." What do you make of that?

Before long Choya is involved in a deal that has him impersonating the long-lost son of an important ranch owner with a daughter whose *sisterly* affection Choya finds hard to bear. Finally he goes after the real long-lost son and drags him back to the ranch. Then Choya can marry the girl. Well, *I* saw something here that Mr. Towne doesn't mention. Look again at that phrase, "whose *sisterly* affection . . ."

"The Great Missouri Raid" (Paramount) has in it the James and the Younger brothers. Plenty of symbols, too. The picture opens with a *rope* around the neck of the James boys' *stepfather*. The Union soldiers are trying to find Frank James, a Southern guerrilla leader. Meanwhile they've caught Jesse and are *whipping* him. Frank (Wendell Corey) and his guerrilla band come along and stop all this Freudian stuff in the nick of time, and after a lot of tearing around the countryside Jesse gets killed again, and Frank escapes to Europe. I couldn't figure this one out at all.

By this time, though, Mr. Towne's influence had waned at bit, and I was nearer my accustomed viewing mood for "The Redhead and the Cowboy" (Paramount). Thought Glenn Ford

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rode a horse real fine, and Rhonda Fleming struck me as mighty pretty. Glenn is just a sort of wandering cowpoke, and Rhonda is a dancehall entertainer who is really a courier in disguise for the Southern guerrillas (they're hot these days). A lot of messages and countermessages have to be delivered before our boy and girl can get together in what had all the earmarks of a non-rejectory clinch, and I might even be willing to suggest this one for an evening of innocent fantasy. It has some remarkable photography by Laniel Fapp, and Leslie Fenton's direction gets flavor into the action.

I also got to see "Dallas" (Warner Bros.)—practically a ritualistic Western—which has Gary Cooper as Reb Hollister, former Confederate colonel and now, so help me, an outlaw because of his guerrilla activities. The carpetbaggers are terrorizing around Dallas for all getout, and Gary by pretending to be a U. S. marshal (the real one doesn't shoot straight and true) cleans up the area, principally by disposing of the dreaded Marlowe brothers, with what seemed to me to be a lurking sense of humor. But what a barefaced potency symbol he represents! It's a situation that clearly demands more than a cultural analytical couch—perhaps as much as a full-scale Congressional committee with the stated objective of cleaning up Hollywood's subconscious.

—Hollis Alpert.

SRL Recommends

The Sound of Fury: Townspeople, inflamed by circulation-hungry headlines, lynch impoverished man sucked into crime, together with psychopathic killer. Gripping picture of mob violence, if somewhat unconvincingly motivated. [*SRL* Feb. 3.]

The Steel Helmet: Despite familiar "characters" and story line, a compelling quickie about the war in Korea. [*SRL* Feb. 3.]

Ways of Love: Recipient of the film critics' award for the year's best foreign picture, this packaged trio of short movies by Pagnol, Renoir, and Rossellini is distinguished by superb direction, camera work, and performances. [*SRL* Jan. 27.]

The Halls of Montezuma: Filmed in good but not too glorious Technicolor. Shots of actual Marine-Navy maneuvers laced with taut performances into overpowering climax. [*SRL* Jan. 20.]

Born Yesterday: Billie Dawn gropes hilariously through ABC's of democracy, with considerable private enterprise. [*SRL* Jan. 6.]

Breakthrough: Exploits of the infantry-battalion level at St. Lô. Realistically presented — within formula strictures. [*SRL* Dec. 9.]

Mad Wednesday: Harold Lloyd comes back in a film so funny you may hurt yourself with belly laughs. [*SRL* Nov. 4.]

TV and Radio

A MASTERPIECE A DAY

I FEEL TODAY like an impoverished scientist who has been experimenting with a synthetic bubble gum for his emaciated children when he suddenly realizes he has discovered a method to manufacture the hydrogen bomb for only $265,541,820.42.

Like any true scientist I hasten to pass along my discovery to all humanity or at least to that part of it bounded by Lever Brothers on the north, the tobacco auctioneers on the south, Colgate Toothpaste on the west, and Pat Weaver on the east. And, like any true discoverer, I am prepared to accept my share of the disbelief and derision heaped upon Columbus, who was considered a square because he believed the world was round.

But first to my discovery and then to the experiment which accidentally led to its conception. It is a new and noble use for a television set. I suggest the telecasting of paintings. That's all. Just paintings. The works of Renoir, Van Gogh, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Hals, Holbein, Picasso, Cezanne, Gainsborough, Degas, Goya framed on your television screen—a masterpiece which is yours to live with for a whole day. But only one masterpiece a day, because if there were more than one the temptation to insert between them "Ajax, the Foaming Cleanser" would be too great for any television station or advertising agency.

At first blush the idea seems preposterous. But I feel sure you will agree that the names of Renoir, Van Gogh, Hals, Holbein, Picasso, Cezanne, Gainsborough, Degas, and Goya compare rather favorably with the names of such masters as Jerry Lester, Jack Carter, Bobby Clark, Abbott and Costello, Sherman Billingsley, and others too humorless to mention. Imagine owning for an entire day a masterpiece by a great artist. It's something to think about—especially against the day when color television becomes a reality.

And now to the experiment which brought about the discovery. I saw Lilli Palmer on my television set the other evening. As I sat there entranced for what seemed like a few seconds and watched her loveliness dissolve into a CBS station break, after what they claimed was a full fifteen minutes, I was suddenly struck with the inequality of the television setup. To some are given a full hour—even more; to Lilli Palmer just a few minutes and a tantalizing promise to come back next Thursday evening. I toyed

—*John Seymour Erwin.*

". . . the miracle of Lilli Palmer."

with the idea of taking a heavy sleeping potion until next Thursday evening. I considered calling the station and asking to have the fifteen minutes rerun for the rest of the evening. My excuse would be I didn't hear what she was talking about. I really didn't. I heard only the most delightful suggestion of a vague accent, saw only eyes which gazed intelligently and courageously into mine and lips which moved in provocative circles to form words which held me spellbound but left absolutely no impression on a brain reeling with the miracle of Lilli Palmer herself.

As I settled back limply to await the 168 hours till Lilli Palmer would return again I began to ponder the idea of a television station concerned only with telecasting Lilli Palmer. Realizing the toll this would take on her if she had to stand there and speak hour upon hour I compromised for just a close-up of Miss Palmer and nothing more. It was then I got the idea of telecasting nothing but masterpieces every day. And so I pass it along.

Just one more thing in this connection. Television may not have come a very long way in the past year or two, but the professional critics who review the television shows for the New York newspapers certainly have. A year or two ago these critics would have written — "Miss Palmer is not television. She is radio." The rule was, they wrote in their columns, that if

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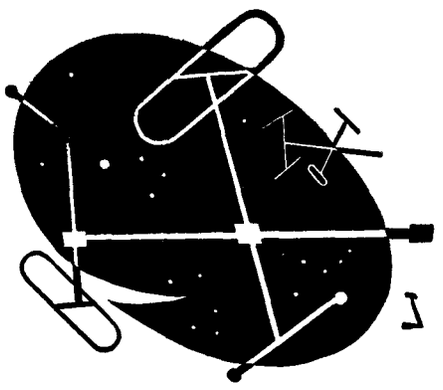
you could turn your back on a television set and just hear a show without having to watch it—it was radio. Whether the performer who stood there statically and spoke was entertaining or not made no difference. If there was no action it just wasn't television. I am happy to see that the critics have forsaken this idea.

Of course with Miss Palmer in the picture this is rather an unfair assessment of a change of mind by the critics. For in her case what you see is of equal import with what she says. But let us take the case of another not quite so handsome performer who appeared in the past week or two and who was also acclaimed by these same critics who claimed that if there was no action or suggestion of a moving picture the performer should be confined to radio.

I refer to Sam Levenson. I was engaged once by the same network which now presents Mr. Levenson. My job was to find new talent. I found this gentleman on an Apollo recording, doing a three-minute monologue about going to Coney Island with the family, on the back of which was a monologue about his cousin who was being confirmed. I played the recording for several executives at that time and found no takers.

Now Mr. Levenson comes on as a full-fledged star of his own show, Saturday nights on CBS. Despite some weak, contrived gimmick which introduces children who will not practise the piano, who won't eat their meals, and who insist on wearing their mothers' clothes, Mr. Levenson emerged triumphant as a man who could stand there and talk entertainingly for any number of minutes without moving about. The critics gave him his just praise.

These are the same critics who a few months ago watched the articulate and brilliant Groucho Marx perched on a high stool quizzing his contestants and who wrote he was not television. The gentlemen have come a long way. Who knows? Some day somebody may put into operation the idea of telecasting a painting a day. They may say it's not practical, but they can't say it's radio. —GOODMAN ACE.



SCIENCE

(*Continued from page 20*)

is here in competent, succinct recording, though had it been prepared by another hand more attention would doubtless have been paid to Mr. Hawkins's own considerable share in the operations of the laboratory. There are several excellent photographs.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

CHARLES DARWIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, with his Notes and Letters. Edited by Sir Francis Darwin. Henry Schuman. $3.50. Darwin's "autobiography" is actually an informal memoir, made up of a series of mildly amusing anecdotes and running to a mere sixty pages. Nothing of great general consequence ever happened to the great scientist. He traveled around the world as a naturalist ("Voyage of the Beagle"); after he had spent twenty years preparing his "Origin of Species" a Mr. A. R. Wallace sent him a paper from the Malayan Archipelago containing the substance of his chief ideas. Otherwise his life story consisted of his devotion to his family, his ceaseless scholarship, his finicky experiments, and his hydropathic baths. The most interesting recollection is probably a rebuke Darwin received from his father: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family."

The remainder of the book includes principally a description by Sir Francis of Darwin's daily life and Darwin's correspondence with Lyell, J. D. Hooker, Asa Gray, and A. R. Wallace. The portrait is detailed and necessarily absorbing, but it is also sentimental and obviously screened. As for the letters, most of the references made in them will remain hopelessly obscure except to a naturalist, and the non-specialized passages serve chiefly to underscore Darwin's intense modesty and reserve. The reader, having finished this particular book, will find that Darwin's genius lay in his dogged application—which accounts for his preeminence among natural selectionists—and that the skeletons in his closet were lacquered, labeled, and calipered to the last bone.

—CHARLES SPIELBERGER.

THE MIRACLE OF GROWTH. University of Illinois Press, Urbana. $2. The unsolved problem of sex education for the young—and the old, too—has received discerning treatment at the University of Illinois exhibit in the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry. "The Miracle of Growth" is a pictorial record of the exhibit. From conception to adolescence photographs, charts, diagrammatic sketches, and comments tell the story of human life and growth.

The description of the incredible sequalae following the union of the male and female cells is for a non-professional book complete and unabridged. But the book, like the exhibit, does not end with the emergence of a viable fetus after 265 days. It explains the mystery of inherited characteristics and reduces genes and chromosomes to simple terms. It stresses the importance of play in the beginning years of life—important in the development of the senses, the coordination of physical abilities, the beginning of learning, and the development of speech.

With the coming of school years the child, now part of a group, develops a sense of community awareness and as a maturing member of society embarks on his life of problem solving. He struggles with language, space thinking, numbers, memory—or lack of it—and many other shibboleths of the learning process.

The often emotionally distressing problems of adolescence are recognized, with a plea to parents and teachers for the sympathetic understanding which will help the child move steadily toward emotional security. There are several pages of commonly asked questions, with their answers. Can disease be inherited? What mechanism decides the child's sex? Can birthmarks be caused by a shock to the pregnant mother? And so on. With a glossary of terms the book is complete and exceedingly important. —DONALD B. THORBURN.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE PROTOZOA. By Winifred Duncan. Ronald Press Co., New York. $3. A cupful of densely populated water from a Mexican mud puddle results in an Alice in Wonderland story of microscopic life, a story in which the animalcular denizens of the puddle become intelligent, reasoning personalities.

Of the single-celled animals whose adventures make up the first part of the book an amoeba is the principal character, and with good reason. It is the ancestor of all other animals and the first real animal to appear on this planet. It is composed of the master material, protoplasm, from which all life is built, protoplasm in an easily recognizable form. The amoeba "gangs up" and forms colonies, each with its specialized function, exactly as in the human body colonies of single cells "gang up" to form the digestive system, the nervous system, and all other systems. The amoeba reproduces through a bipolar arrangement of the chromosomes that com-

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pose the nucleus, just as human cells reproduce and just as the fertilized human ovum reproduces.

As progenitor of human life the amoeba deserves an intimate study of its growth, its nutritive, and repair processes, for therein lies more than a hint of how our own body cells protect themselves and carry out their function or become diseased—and recover or die. Miss Duncan gives this study such a sugar-coating of whimsey that we may forget that some of these appealing, protozoan microcosms of ourselves give us, among other things, malaria, dysentery, and African sleeping sickness.

We can accept Amoeba as "lovely" but it is a little more of a trial to become lyrical over the "beautiful" and gifted flatworms—gifted, I suppose, in being double sexed—or over the snail, the shrimp, and Daphnia, the water flea with ten legs. And insects and their larvae! Things we had regarded as pests to be stepped on now emerge as attractive personalities. Winifred Duncan threatens to do for amoebae, worms, and beetles what Walt Disney did for mice and Don Marquis for cats and cockroaches.

Helped by the author's excellent illustrations "The Private Life of the Protozoa" is a pleasant and animated introduction to the study of zoic life in its lower echelons.

—D. B. T.

FATHER OF RADIO: The Autobiography of Lee de Forest. Wilcox & Follet, Chicago. $5. The subject of Lee de Forest's doctoral thesis at Yale in 1899 was "Reflection of Hertzian Waves from the Ends of Parallel Wires." The twig thus bent stayed bent, as a twist of your radio knob will prove. De Forest was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1873; in 1879 his minister father became president of Talladega College, Alabama, a school for "freedmen," and here De Forest spent his childhood without knowing what a color line was. He began inventing things as a Yale undergraduate — an improved type-bar movement for typewriters, a puzzle, a better compass joint. He came to know the "lamentable inadequacy" of the Sheffield Scientific School library. All this time he was keeping a diary, fragments of which he quotes in this lively and frequently exciting life history. The book is, of course, an essential unit in the chronicle of electronics, but even the nontechnical mind will find it good reading. The appendix includes six pages of poems by Mr. de Forest and six pages of patents taken out in his name. That particular combination, it is safe to say, has never before appeared anywhere between covers. —J. T. W.

FICTION

(*Continued from page 23*)

course, and I still respect his argument. But the fact remains that watercolors for me are unfinished without a proper frame and mat. So perhaps with fairy stories — Thurber or otherwise. What would "Alice" be without Tenniel? And what even is the greatest Kenneth Grahame without Arthur Rackham who crowned his own career by illustrating "The Wind in the Willows"? Marc Simont (the book spells it both Mark and Marc) has done something for "The Thirteen Clocks" which will not have to be done over. He has given them faces and hands. He has given extra immortality to the Golux. He has made such bewitching and wonderfully new pictures in such absolute color harmony that it would be a wretched text indeed which failed to profit thereby. Mr. Thurber has profited.

But Mr. Thurber has pulled an eerie, queery tale out of an old surplus of hats — the Golux "wore an indescribable hat" though "he had a dark describable beard" — and if anything like it was ever known to Peer Gynt and the trolls and a tomten or two I never read a reference to it. We all remember how Gurth and Wamba impede the story of "Ivanhoe." Nothing impedes anything in this tale of Xingu, "youngest son of a powerful king . . . grown weary of rich attire and banquets and tournaments and the available princesses of his own realm [who] yearned to find in a far land the maiden of his dreams, singing as he went, learning the life of the lowly, and possibly slaying a dragon here and there."

That sounds deceptively pleasant; descriptions of heroes usually do. But listen to this description of the Todal: "The other half is worse. It's made of lip. It feels as if it had been dead at least a dozen days, but it moves about like monkeys and like shadows." Forget the monkeys but remember the shadows, for the book is all of one shadow-piece. It is fearful and funny, ingenious and creaky as an old trap door. No broomstick witch ever cast a better spell.

One small complaint: a lot of this Thurber prose is written loosely in rhyme—"sapphires burned upon the floor and lit the Golux toward the door." There may be just a touch too much.

All in all, a book of swift and unique entertainment, of haunting pictures. Or put it this way: another Thurber classic. I have joined the club.

Memo to myself. Go out and buy a copy of "The White Deer."

Lau Shaw—"a special magic."

Main Street in Peiping

THE YELLOW STORM. By Lau Shaw. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 532 pp. $4.

By Preston Schoyer

With "Ricksha Boy" Lau Shaw made a distinguished name for himself in this country. His latest work, "The Yellow Storm," will not hurt the earlier promise. It is not only one of the best China books to appear since the war but is also easily one of the best novels to be published in this country in the same period.

It has the brilliant quality of an unerring fidelity to the life and scene of the ancient city of Peiping in the years of the Japanese war. In its keen insight into the hearts of the people living there it transcends the earth of China and becomes universal; its people are people the world around. To anyone who knows China or the life of Peiping it will have a special magic. Like the work of an exacting musician it is on key, no beat is missed, no undertone. It rings true. This is Peiping and the Chinese as they really are.

It is also a book of many levels. It is the story of a group of households living on a quiet back court in Peiping, a few with some money, most with very little. It is Main Street anywhere, caught in the humiliation and terror of enemy occupation. It is China. And it is history. It is also a fascinating tale, full of excitement and suspense, of murder in the night, revenge and intrigue, and of humor and entertainment too. But none of these levels would have life and substance if it weren't for the master craftsmanship of Lau Shaw in creating living people in all their complex of emotion; one grows fond of or

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hates them but never tires of them.

The story concerns the way the households on the back court meet the Japanese occupation. Some, like old Mr. Chien, the seemingly useless old poet, become heroes of the resistance; others, like Mr. Kuan, the incomparable dilettante, rush with childish and unscrupulous enthusiasm to serve the Japanese. Most are in between, accepting the humiliation of a conquered people in order to live but showing the integrity of their hearts when misfortune falls.

If Lau Shaw retreats at all from reality it is in relation to history. He is too moralistic in that all but one of his puppets meet evil ends—not retribution, said the poet Chien, but the inevitable result of their own deeds. This regrettably is not born out in fact. Too many Japanese collaborators not only managed to survive their misdeeds but in the civil war that followed World War II were able to recoup their lost prestige by playing the anti-Red game. And in consciously avoiding the Nationalist-Communist struggle (presumably so as not to weaken or muddy his theme) Lau Shaw can't escape a slight air of unreality, at least for anyone familiar with China in this period. The Chinese underground movement, for one example, had in it rascals as well as patriots, and some were more interested in attacking the Communists than they were the Japanese. But even if Lau Shaw has played a trick or two with history his characters and their fascinating antics make those tricks a very pale subject of criticism. "The Yellow Storm" is an extremely good book.

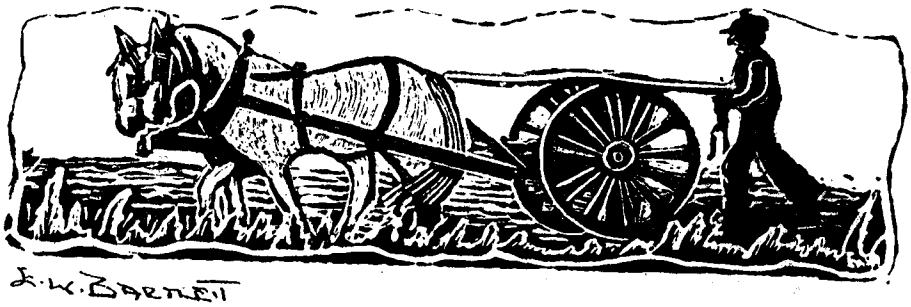
Preston Schoyer is author of "The Indefinite River," "The Tinkling of the Bell," and other novels.

Tourist in Egypt

By Gladys Edgerton

I WALK between the woman-breasted beasts
And see the hawk-winged sun fall in the west,
Till under a curved moon, the deserts sing—
Or is it Memnon?
Or some mightier king?

Then, on a tired day of bastard truth,
The wonders stale, temples are monotone,
Their crypts and shrines fill with a reek of bat.
Beast-headed gods are stone—
And I, a tourist in a solar hat,
Fretful and far from home.



The Love of a Welsh Poet

MOULDED IN EARTH. By Richard Vaughan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 256 pp. $3.

By Pamela Taylor

IN A remote farming district of Wales the Peeles of Trewern and the Ellis family of Rhos Dirion nursed a bitter feud. First begun by an altercation as to sheep pasturage on the mountainside the ill feeling was an excuse for the sons of each family to fight in school and when they had grown to manhood to boast of strength, sneer at each other, and threaten violence. They were great, brawny men, Justin Peele and Jeff Ellis, each with a small following of swaggering friends, and the neighboring folk seeing them gather at church door or in a bar looked for trouble with a certain grudging admiration as well as apprehension.

When young Edwin Peele, Justin's brother, fell in love with the beautiful Greet Ellis he was somewhat startled at his own daring. A poet, like so many of the Welsh, buying books surreptitiously and writing englyns (love poems) after his hard days in the fields were done, Edwin met his beloved secretly, dreading the day when their love would be known yet with a lover's absorbed pride longing to boast it publicly. Impossible as their marriage, which they both so ardently and so stubbornly desired, seemed to them, young Edwin was yet bound to the valley by forces even stronger than his will. The young men were beginning to leave, drawn by the glittering cities, the artisans to lay down their skilful tools, trading their mastery of a craft for wages earned at a machine.

Men like the squire, who cared passionately for the land and its way of life, worried unavailingly. But however much Edwin might play with the idea of setting off with Greet for some distant town where the fury of the family feud could not reach them, deep within himself he knew that like his father and mother he was moulded in the earth which had claimed their youth, their toil, and would eventually claim their bodies' return to their natural element.

The marriage, persevered in by the young couple's courage and passion, is carried through with the blessing of parson and squire, the grudging consent of the parents. But, ill-omened from the start, it leads inevitably to tragedy, and though their first months with each other were happy, the young couple find they must survive a sorrow which cuts deeply into both their hearts.

Edwin Peele tells the story in the first person, and, although his passionate love for Greet absorbs him and provides the main thread of the plot, through the novel runs, like a musical accompaniment, a constant lyric hymn to the wild and beautiful countryside which he loves. The mountains, the night skies, the rivers, the legend-haunted and menacing glens and pools, are woven into the narrative, which takes its beauty and its unusual flavor from the intimate knowing the young poet has and the beauty of the Welsh language. Young Edwin's intense awareness of the people—their fierce pride, their arrogance, their dark and stubborn natures—is written into every line. The two families, the parson, the bar-maids in the many inns frequented by Justin, the neighbors and cronies who make up their world are all vividly drawn; but most memorable is the contrasting portrait of the two brothers. The father drives all the family, as the earth to which they are bound drives them, endlessly.

Mr. Vaughan, himself a Welshman and a poet, has caught the haunting beauty of the Welsh mountain country with a vivid descriptive power as distinguished and as unusual in a first novel as his ability to draw characters who determine their own dark fate is outstanding.

His announced Welsh trilogy, if the succeeding volumes maintain the standard of the first, should find a place in the great tradition of English romantic novels.

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Complete with Countess

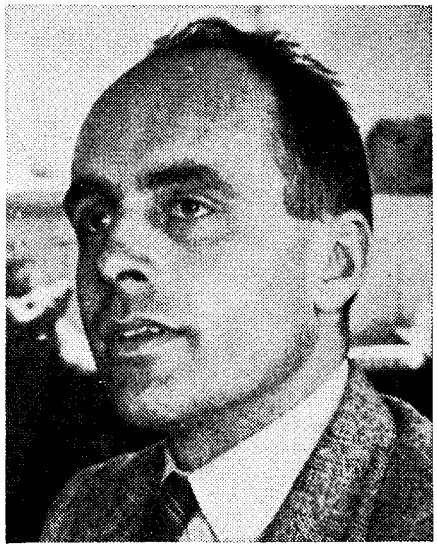
THE ANGRY MOUNTAIN. By Hammond Innes. New York: Harper & Bros. 279 pp. $2.75.

By W. R. BURNETT

I DID not read Hammond Innes's previous book, "The Survivors" but I saw many reviews of it, all extremely laudatory, so I was prepared for something excellent and out of the way. Well, either the reviewers were deluding themselves, or Mr. Innes has suffered a sudden deterioration.

"The Angry Mountain" is hardly a novel at all; it seems more like a protracted nightmare, a wild anxiety dream peopled with ambiguous characters, vague as if seen through a mist, who fade in and dissolve out as in a surrealistic film.

The protagonist is a one-legged ex-flier, British, who seems to be suffering from delusions of persecution, among other things, and at all times appears to be on the verge of going berserk; yet he tells the story in the first person in calm, practised, straightforward, not to say slick, prose. There are a sadistic doctor, who would not be out of place in a tent-show; a beautiful countess, formerly of the Naples slums, nymphomaniac and drug-addict; and an odd assortment of other characters: British intelligence officers, spies, conspirators, a sinister chauffeur—all hardly more than names.



Hammond Innes—"slam-bang affair."

And since this is an up-to-date English novel there is the inevitable American. He is, I believe, a manufacturer from Pittsburgh; part of the time he talks a kind of poolroom slang and at other times he says things like "I reckon." (Nevertheless, he is a distinct improvement on most American characters as found in English novels, where you may run across a man who says: "Waal, by gum, now don't that take the cake, pardner?" Later you discover that the man is a Harvard professor.)

There is one very regrettable thing about the American from Pittsburgh —although generous and brave, he is, if you will excuse the expression, a *tourist*! Mr. Innes, of course, has the correct attitude toward that sort of thing. Bloody fool! Wasting his time looking at the monuments of antiquity when he could be lying drunk in some little avant garde bar.

The book is, by intention, a polyglot novel of international intrigue of the school of Eric Ambler, whose "A Coffin for Demetrios" is one of the finest novels of our time. But "The Angry Mountain" has none of Ambler's literary excellence, his subtlety, humor, or uncanny ability to create a tense situation or an unforgettable character in a paragraph. It is a vague, slam-bang affair, in one key throughout. There is a coy toying with and drawing back from sex which I found rather repellent, and the general atmosphere is exceedingly morbid, indeed.

But if you read for excitement only and your chief preoccupation is with what will happen next, as in a murder mystery, then you may find "The Angry Mountain" to your taste. At least it has the most "colossal" climax I've encountered in many years of novel reading.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 400

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 400 will be found in the next issue.

OUFGLAU BG REU RNQ

N CNF HNKG RP REU

HLDMBO SPA DUBFX

UCBFUFR.

—TPFNRENF GZBSR.

Answer to Crypt No. 399

Some defeats are only instalments to victory.

—JACOB RIIS.

Outrunning a Ghost

OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN. By Josephine Delves-Broughton. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 480 pp. $3.50.

By VICTOR P. HASS

A YEAR ago I reviewed in these pages a book called "The Heart of a Queen." It was an extraordinary historical novel centered around Queen Elizabeth and it introduced Josephine Delves-Broughton (who has published five novels in Britain) to American readers. Now in "Officer and Gentleman" Miss Delves-Broughton offers another literary dish, and though it is several cuts below "The Heart of a Queen" both in narrative drive and in the handling of a wealth of material, it is still delectable.

Here is a multi-faceted story of the struggle of a British officer, Quinton Arrowe, to live down the dubious heritage of a father who had been both a renowned general and the most notorious rake of his day. "Flogging Tom" Arrowe was evil—undiluted. He had the baser instincts of the swamp adder in his dealings with men and the amorality of a mink in his dealings with women. He had the genius required for military greatness but off the battlefield he made his name a stench.

That stench Quinton took into the British Army shortly after the turn of the nineteenth century. And there by good sense and remarkable bravery, which culminated in his ride with the Light Brigade at Balaklava in the Crimea in 1854, he made Britain forget his father. All of this Army life and warfare is tied up with Quinton's adventures from London to Moscow and back again (meeting the ghost of his father at every turn) and with his love for a celebrated beauty. His final victory came in the love and cheers of the peasantry on his own estate, where not long before people had spat on uttering the Arrowe name.

Miss Delves-Broughton's novel fails partially because having created so magnificent a tyrant in "Flogging Tom" she couldn't quite bring herself to let him go. And when belatedly she did turn to Quinton she dropped his father so completely that the essential counterpoint between the good of the son on the one hand and the evil of the father on the other was somewhat lost. For all that, "Officer and Gentleman" is exciting and fascinating reading. At times it is a riot of color and smashing action, but at no time does it get out of control. There are human beings in its pages—that is what separates Miss Delves-Broughton from the bustle-and-bosom hack writers.

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Fiction Notes

LOST HOMECOMING. By Harry Harrison Kroll. Coward-McCann. $3. In spite of obvious sincerity Harry Harrison Kroll has, unfortunately, come up with the Southern fiction mixture as before. "Lost Homecoming" opens on the day that Darie Wesley Darius returns to the little town on the Mississippi he had left, almost by popular demand, eighteen years ago. Then he had been only the ignorant son of sharecroppers, but he had gone North and educated himself, then written a book—a personal narrative of the region and his early years—which after some initial success had been bought by Hollywood and turned into a movie. As a publicity stunt the World Premiere was being held in Cottontown, with Darie as the guest of honor.

Coming into the sleepy little town he was filled with elation because now he was in a position to tell everyone off, but before long he met the two people who had had a lasting influence on his life. One of them was Clara Bell, the daughter of a plantation owner for whom his family had once cropped; the other Genie Bigs, a Negro playmate he had once saved from a lynching. As a gawking boy he had been in love with Clara Bell, and probably she in her own way had been in love with him too, but there was too wide a breach between them and nothing had come of it. Now after several divorces she was his for the taking, but something made him hold back.

What that something was comes out slowly throughout the book in a series of flashbacks into the early life of Darie and what he owed to the woman who had taken him out of the South, helped him gain an education, and whom he had married in spite of the fact that she was older than he was. In turn his sense of guilt and hostility toward the area is pointed up by his reunion with Genie, who insofar as it is possble for a Negro to do so had made as much of his life as Darie had made of his.

If this is familiar material it still could have been given a freshness that would make it stand out from other novels which cover much the same territory. But in spite of Harry Harrison Kroll's struggle to write a book that would have meaning and would illuminate the present South he is far less successful in this than he is in the more familiar backward glances into the past. Darie's father and especially his heroic and tough-fibered mother are the only really alive people in the book. Darie, save when he appears as Darie the boy, is never anything but the convenient narrator, the symbol of what is happening in the South.

The result s a book that is an odd combination of realism and romanticism, of documentary film and slick magazine. It is also a heavy book, dull and lusterless, and written with all four feet. It is this, more than anything else, which defeats both writer and reader—or this reader at least.

—Bucklin Moon.

THINE ENEMY. By Philip Gibbs. Medill McBride. $3. In a purely quantitative sense it is doubtful if many writers have found so rich a vein of literary material in war as has Philip Gibbs. This is at least his fifty-seventh work, the thirty-eighth of his novels, most of which have been concerned with war. Not that Mr. Gibbs has much to say about the phenomenon. Beyond the fact that soldiers get drilled, women suffer, lives get disrupted, and this is all rather horrid, Mr. Gibbs seldom uses war as more than a conveniently dramatic backdrop for a romantic tale of lovers separated and finally, after much suffering, reunited. His plots are rife with misunderstandings, characters working at cross purposes, noble heroes quick to sacrifice themselves on the altar of honor, and wholesome heroines whom chance has placed on the wrong side of the battle. Sometimes the roles are reversed.

In this latest work the familiar materials are all here. The girls are Germans, Hilde Menzel and Christel von Arnheim; the boys are Fritz Reber, a war-shattered Nazi who is converted into an anti-Nazi when someone apprises him of the startling fact that the Germans persecuted the Jews, and Captain Robert Welles, an American occupation officer. Actually nothing much separates Fritz and Hilde, Christel and Robert, except the author's need to fill up pages and call it a novel. This he does with detailed descriptions of the sufferings and privations experienced by the Germans after their defeat. His sympathy for the sufferings of his country's former enemy may seem a little less startling than it would have a few years back. Nevertheless, his thesis that most Germans were peace-loving innocents who didn't know what was going on will appear somewhat naive to anyone with a memory. Lest this be taken too seriously, Mr. Gibbs demonstrates his close grasp of contemporary realities by the authentic slang with which he peppers the dialogue of his American characters. "Gee whiz," they say, "Jeepers creepers" and "For the love of Mike." —Edward J. Fitzgerald.

THE DELUGE. By Ian Niall. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. This is a competently executed specimen of the minor well-made British novel. There are in fact many merits in it: effective characterization, if occasionally overdone, and generally persuasive, smooth-flowing writing. Its fault is in the absolute, cut-and-dried schematization. The creation of suspense in the face of clearly defined and predicted disaster is one of the classic challenges to narrative skill. Mr. Niall manages to sustain a certain suspense or at any rate a certain dogged determination to hang on and see just exactly how the thing is going to happen, but it is all a rather mechanical performance.

Unhappily his particular overhanging doom is one which has been a gag in this country much of the time: the dam is going to burst. But, after all, it happened in Johnstown, and but for

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FAVORITE GAMES OF LITERARY CHARACTERS

Do you remember the favorite sports of the literary figures mentioned below? Answers are on page 39.

1. At what game was Philo Vance, the detective, an unerring expert?
2. What game did Cleopatra play with Charmian?
3. What was Jim Smiley betting on when he was outsmarted by a stranger?
4. Playing at what game sometimes kept John Oakhurst, the professional gambler, a week without sleep?
5. Of what game was Phileas Fogg, the famous round-the-world traveler, extremely fond?
6. What open-air pastime did Sherlock Holmes pursue indoors?
7. At what game was Ah Sin, the heathen Chinee, caught cheating?
8. What game did Sarah Battle consider "her life business, her duty, the thing that she came into the world to do"?
9. In what sport did General Zaroff, the big game hunter, find renewed zest after all others had ended in boredom?
10. What game was Dangerous Dan McGrew playing at the time he was shot?

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the water shortage who can say about the Croton dam?

The Ling dam in Mr. Niall's story impounds the waters above the village of Hillside, Wales. He lets us know at once that it is going to go. At first old Joe Adams, the watchman, decides not to tell the townsfolk, who have baited him, and of course when drunken remorse finally stirs him and he does tell they don't believe him. The book makes a census of characters along doomed Water Row, describing those who will go and those who will stay, preparing the ironies, the retributions, the tragedies.

Mr. Niall makes the process pleasant even though it is familiar. When the waters come he rises to the occasion and makes a stirring, frightening thing of this engulfment to reward the reader for bearing with him.

—EDMUND FULLER.

HOUSE OF GLASS. By Peggy Wrightson. William Morrow. $3. The emphasis is on love, marriage, and the resultant offspring, and a genealogical table is provided in the frontispiece. The many offspring derive from Deborah Trent, a ninety-nine-year-old Englishwoman, whose personal life is narrated in flashbacks that alternate with months of 1947, in which year she dies.

As a small girl Deborah fell in love with handsome, blond David Trent, but David married another and so did Deborah—Edward Randle, a plain and devoted young man, by whom she had one child. But when David Trent beckoned Deborah ran away with him to America and lived in sin, a beautiful and passionate woman of twenty-eight, hidden away from David's friends in a New York apartment. When the debonair David tired of her Edward Randle took her back under his roof, where she gave birth to David's son Christopher and subsequently to another child by Edward.

There is little to describe about this book, since its characters seem concerned with nothing but the choosing of their mates. For instance, almost all we know of one of Deborah's grandsons is that he hanged himself when he found out he was unable to marry the girl he loved. But he had had an affair with her out of wedlock, and since every union in the book is blessed with infallible fecundity there is another name to be added to the genealogical table. And Deborah Trent, who has lived the full life, expends her dying breath to ask her great-granddaughter, ". . . you going to marry Allan?"—the pairing off of her descendants being uppermost in her mind to the end. The reader wishes Deborah might think of something else for a moment or display

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some attitude about World War II besides worrying whether a bomb hits a certain street in which a member of her family happens to be living. The bomb does hit it, by the way.

The prose is rather emotional, and everyone is passionate except Deborah's daughter Jane, who is unfortunate enough to be born ugly and to be uninterested in finding a man. Jane is last seen being driven from the house by Deborah, who considers her unworthy the name of woman. Jane was reading a book when she was so rudely interrupted. We wish we knew more about Jane.

—PATRICIA HIGHSMITH.

FIRST ON THE ROPE. By Roger Frison-Roche. Translated by Janet Adam Smith. Prentice Hall. $2.75. This is a suspiciously Freudian allegory. Pierre Servettaz, a young man whose heart and soul are pledged to the mountains, is forbidden to climb by his father, a Chamonix guide. Suddenly his father is struck by lightning on the Petit Dru, which is among the most hazardous of the Alpine ascents. A rescue party is formed to retrieve the body, and Pierre, who joins it, astonishes everyone by his agility in struggling up the sheer cliffs; but halfway to the top he loses his footing, falls, and suffers a fractured skull. He regains his health only to receive the most crushing blow of all: vertigo now overcomes him at high altitudes. He seems doomed never to climb again and rapidly loses his spirit, his interest in life, and his affection for his family and sweetheart (I found this hard to believe). At this crucial point Georges, a porter crippled by frostbite during the same tragic storm in which Pierre's father perished, prevails on him to make a fresh attempt at climbing. Led on by his maimed friend Pierre at last conquers the mountains and himself.

The essence of this idea is beautiful, but the book is not well executed. The author should have either eliminated all his cumbersome detail, including many of his brilliantly done climbing scenes, or he should have made his characters and his events at sea level far more motivated and complex. If "First on the Rope" (or in the original French "Premier de Cordée") is an allegory then it needs the simplicity and rapid movement of an allegory; if a novel it needs the intricacy and depth of conception that goes with that medium: it cannot take the favors of both without marrying one. —CHARLES SPIELBERGER.

A KINDRED SPIRIT. By Richard Sherman. Little, Brown. $2.50. Miss Naomi Lynch, alias Elizabeth Darcy, was a plain-looking woman of forty-five whose success as a mystery writer enabled her to travel and live quite comfortably but in no way compensated for the lack of love and companionship in her life. On the flyleaves of books in a neighborhood lending library she discovers the name of a man who has read the very same volumes in which she has found comfort. Unable to control her passion to meet and know this kindred spirit she seeks him out only to find he has committed suicide.

The author consumes 148 pages in telling his story, the impact of which is no greater than that of the above summary. Naomi Lynch is as bloodless as her fictional sleuth, Felicia Flint, and so what might have been the poignant tale of a lonely and frustrated woman is merely an outpouring of much ado about nothing. Not even the atmosphere of Sutton Place South, that unique cobblestone street which so closely resembles a stage setting, is described with any originality.

It is difficult to accept this book as the work of so professional a writer as Richard Sherman, whose third novel, "The Bright Promise," was a Literary Guild selection in 1947 and whose stories have appeared in almost every major literary and slick magazine in America. Since "A Kindred Spirit" has already appeared in *Cosmopolitan* one can only conclude that its publication between hard covers was made in lieu of the new novel Mr. Sherman has not yet written. As a story it does not merit such distinction or preservation.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

BLANDINGS' WAY. By Eric Hodgins. Simon & Schuster. $3. James Blandings was little more than a comedy stick-figure composed of weathered two-by-fours when Eric Hodgins presented him building his dream house four years ago. Now in "Blandings' Way" the figure is transformed. Mr. Blandings, along with several of the other satirically useful personifications from the earlier tract—The Rural Banker, The Bickering Wife, The Family Friend—has come to life.

The life they have come to in the new novel is seldom pleasant for the participants and seldom comic for the reader. Mr. Hodgins plays more on our sympathy this time than on our capacity for amusement—but he plays with a light touch.

Bewildered liberal, middle-aged seeker for something to engage his loyalties, city hick eternally duped by country slickers, Mr. Blandings strug-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
PASSPORT TO PERIL *Robert Parker* (Rinehart: $2.50)	American with false passport boards Orient Express on private mission to Hungary, is plunged into cloak-and-dagger web of Germans, Russians, papers, torture, the Girl, etc.	Ex-foreign correspondent Parker knows how to make espionage crackle with action, talk, and scene; desperation real and movement presto.	Will keep you awake
WATERFRONT *Ferguson Findley* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Cop-killer irks rookie cop Johnny Malone into pursuit of sinister New York waterfront racketeers; solution wild as chase.	Police and criminals both seem quite mad, and violence spills until it is implausible—and only funny.	Your own risk
THE MARBLE FOREST *Theo Durrant* (Knopf: $2.50)	The "new" doctor of Red Forks reaps the horrible fruit of inbred small-town decadence. His child kidnaped and supposedly buried alive, he fights time and society.	Tour de force splicing of mad mystery with a prose "Spoon River" of the local dead who help explain the desperate present.	Don't miss it
BOOK OF THE CRIME *Elizabeth Daly* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Married at nineteen to handsome crippled hero, Rena is soon loveless and frightened in prison of N.Y. menage. Flees to bibliophile Gamadge who discovers murder.	Gamadge runs the show, enjoying family, friends, books, even the mess of evil before nice solution. Incidental characters authentic.	Pleasant, *sans* blood or bang
MURDER COMES HOME *Anthony Gilbert* (Random House: $2.50)	Eccentric old Miss Fitzgerald dies eccentrically in London, and brother-in-law seems in for it. Arthur Crook cheerfully tracks the real murderer, escaping death narrowly.	Few outdo Gilbert in interest, plot, and weird but credible characters. Same is true in this one, though plot wobbles more than usual.	Good as they come

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gles earnestly to do good in the town near his home-site. But school-board membership, local journalism, and community improvement — like Mr. Blandings's hayfield—promise richly only to end in ashes. Hope returns when Blandings sells the country home and returns to the simple, carefree life of the city and the humble toil of an advertising executive.

Mr. Hodgins's conclusion is similar in thought but precisely opposed in content to that of another satirist whose hero tried to take the world on two centuries ago: let us cease, Mr. Hodgins is saying, cultivating our gardens. If the conclusion suggests Voltaire the manner and matter of the story are closer to those used by Mr. Hodgins's smoother but more sedate contemporary J. P. Marquand. Dealing with the things which make tired business men tired, both writers combine slick improbabilities and cunning suspense tricks with passages of thoughtful writing, eloquent description, and rousing burlesque.

—VANCE BOURJAILY.

NO TIME FOR FEAR. By Davenport Steward. Hale Publishing Co., Hopeville, Ga. $3. All the staple ingredients of the period novel have been tossed into "No Time for Fear," which deals with one aspect of the Revolutionary War—Francis Marion's dogged campaign in the Carolina low country. Like a mixed green salad, it contains selected ingredients: so many grim battles, hard-won victories, and cruel defeats, ruined families and divided loyalties, and, for seasoning, a dash of love. But the success of a salad partially depends on the manner of mixing. In his first novel Mr. Steward, a Southern newspaperman, has exhibited a certain skill in blending his various elements and has produced an edible concoction.

The book has two heroes, who serve as admirable foils for each other—Penn Thomason, a backwoods Quaker pacifist, who joins the rebels after his father is brutally murdered by a sadistic English officer and Eugene Laurence, a Charles Town aristocrat, who breaks with his Tory father to espouse the Revolutionary cause. With the indomitable little General Marion and his ragged, undisciplined troops they fight in numerous skirmishes, endure grim hardships, help each other out of serious scrapes. Like soldiers in any war, they grow weary of the seemingly endless conflict and beef about rations, ammunition, and weather. Of the lesser characters Ervin, the blunt Scotch-Irishman, and Hertz, the former bondservant who sacrifices his life for his friends, are the best drawn. As for the dressing, the love scenes between Penn and Arline Laurence and those of Eugene and arrogant Pauline Carson are rather spiceless and cliché-ridden. Also, aren't such phrases as "war of nerves" and "you want to make something of it?" anachronistic in 1780? —R. P.

MISS WILLIE. By Janice Holt Giles. Westminster Press. $3. This is a sequel to "The Enduring Hills," the first book about Miss Willie and her adopted niece, Mary, who married a Kentucky mountaineer. The author has lived for years among the mountain people, and she and her husband have taught there. Piney Ridge is obviously authentic both in setting and in characterization.

Miss Willie, teaching school in El Paso, is a small, discriminating woman in her forties. Her life is so perfectly ordered that it is like a freshly made bed, neat, cool—and empty. When Mary writes and asks her to come to teach the mountain school Miss Willie, facing the loneliness in her well-ordered life, accepts the challenge.

The mountain school, unsanitary and lacking nearly everything, the parents and board members, "sot in their ways," are more of a problem than she has bargained for. It takes all of her courage and ingenuity to meet life each day. Weary and at an age when many women give one last longing glance about for a sturdy shoulder and security, Miss Willie falls in love with Wells Pierce, a widower with several children. It is through the tolerance and quiet common sense of this man that Miss Willie gradually begins to understand the "quare" ways of the mountaineers.

Her emotions fluctuate, with the death of a child whose parents' religion forbids having a doctor for him and with the bitter reproach of Pierce's son, who finds her sanctimonious and condescending. But in the end Miss Willie and the mountaineers accept each other, and she finds a life that is rich, demanding, and satisfying.

The book is frankly sentimental. So are mountain ballads. It has as much flavor as woodsmoke and is as sturdy and clean as a freshly washed "coverlid" patched on a cabin porch.

—CHRISTINE NOBLE GOVAN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Poker. ("The Benson Murder Case" and "The Canary Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine.) 2. Billiards. ("Antony and Cleopatra" Act II, Scene 5, By Shakespeare.) 3. Frog jumping. ("The Celebrated Jumping Frog," by Mark Twain.) 4. Poker. ("The Outcasts of Poker Flat," by Bret Harte.) 5. Whist. ("Around the World in Eighty Days," by Jules Verne.) 6. Pistol practise. ("The Musgrave Ritual," by Conan Doyle.) 7. Euchre. ("Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte.) 8. Whist. ("Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," by Charles Lamb.) 9. Manhunting. ("The Most Dangerous Game," by Richard Connell.) 10. Solo whist. ("The Shooting of Dan McGrew," by Robert W. Service.)

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

DOCUMENTARY—RALLYING POINT FOR EUROPE

ANY American who was abroad during this past year could only be impressed by the ferment of film activity in the European countries. From early spring to late fall the Continent fairly seethed with film festivals, film conferences, and film manifestations. It was all but impossible for a feature picture not to win some special award somewhere. The modest short subject, on the other hand, while considerably less heaped with honors was even more in evidence. Documentaries were shown daily, three different programs a day, for two weeks before the feature presentations began at Venice—and even then one or two generally turned up on the programs. There were special documentary and experimental film manifestations at Florence, Knocke-le-Zoute, Cannes, London, Antibes, and Basle. And in three crowded weeks the annual Edinburgh Film Festival presented an international selection of over one hundred shorts in the realist tradition, plus seven documentary features.

It is these fact films that prove most illuminating to the American traveler. The better features generally manage to get across the water sooner or later. But for documentaries the going is harder. We see in this country only a fraction of the total output—and a very specialized fraction at that. We are now becoming conscious of the European art films, the films about painting and sculpture, music and ballet. But while the European film-makers are indeed turning out art films in profusion much more of their effort is concentrated on films about living.

Italy, for example, with a large illiterate farm population, has turned to the motion picture on a vast scale to explain new agricultural techniques and machinery to her working people. Shown in farm collectives, in schools, in public squares, these films are generally simple and efficient little jobs and fascinating, too. "Strange Bodies in Cows," a picture to warn farmers to keep nails and similar sharp objects away from their herd's fodder, may never lure anyone into a movie house, but for its purpose it is ideal.

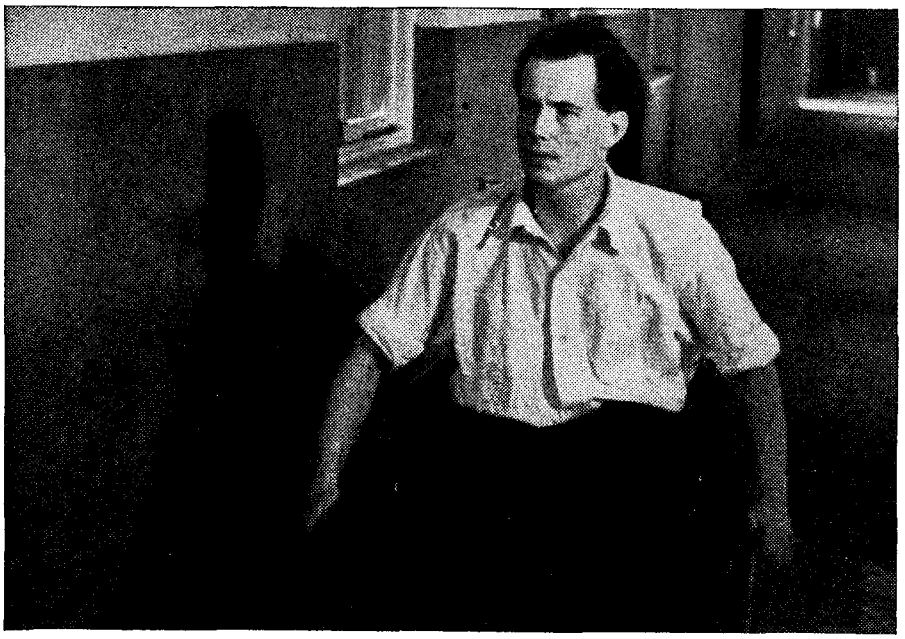
Other pictures explain to Italians how to grow better corn, more and healthier chickens, how to improve sanitation, what to do about the malaria mosquito. A long series of films celebrates the bringing of water to inland villages that never before had any or enough; others depict the stages in postwar reconstruction These subjects are treated in a determinedly experimental manner; the young Italians, often graduates of the State-operated film school "LUCE," will insist on injecting "art" into subjects as prosaic as the housing problem and public safety. But the eagerness of these film-makers is fast producing an impressive and solid documentary tradition in Italy.

Only against this background of genuinely utilitarian films is it proper to talk about the surge of Italian art films since the war. Led by Luciano Emmer and Enrico Gras, whose first two efforts toured the United States with the Italian Masters art show in 1947, many of Italy's best directors are turning to this medium. Alessandro Blasetti, whose "Four Steps in the Clouds" was such a delight a few years back, has already done quite a number. So has Francesco Pasinetti, though better known in Italy as a critic and writer than as a film-maker. Antonio Marchi, Tomei, Ardolini, Magnaghi, Ferroni are all names that add up to a film movement whose influence has been felt—and imitated—throughout Europe and perhaps nowhere quite so much as in Belgium and France.

Young people like the American William Novik, established film-makers like Henri Storck are turning with fresh enthusiasm to the arts and artists of Europe. The problems of reinterpreting the artistic expression of one medium in the terms of another seem to fascinate them; their solutions —as in Henri Storck's "Rubens" film seen here last year—are often quite arresting. Jean Gremillon, director of the documentary feature "Farrébique," completed this past summer a gently satiric film on the painters of the French Academy, "Les Charmes de l'Existence." In Paul Haesaerts's "Visite à Picasso" the artist's brush technique is demonstrated admirably when Picasso draws with white paint on clear plastic material placed between himself and the camera.

LIKE the Italian farm films, these art pictures too have an audience. They are not created in a vacuum, neither is their distribution left completely to chance. Throughout the Continent exist the "Ciné-Clubs," clubs in which film classics are constantly being revived, exhibited, and discussed. France alone has almost a hundred such groups, all organized along the lines of our own—and solitary—Cinema 16. There is an annual membership fee which entitles the individual to attend a certain number of showings. Films are circuited about, assuring the producer of both an audience and some income. Although Ciné-Clubs have existed in France since the mid-Twenties, never before have they been so extensively organized or so popularly attended. And both art films and documentaries are regular features.

England, long known best for her



Gerald Pearson in "The Undefeated"—"determined to become active and useful once more."

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documentaries, has now moved far ahead with Government-produced scientific films. "This Is Salt," "Electro-Chemistry," "The Liver Fluke in Great Britain" are not only typical science titles but excellent pictures, fresh in their approach, clear in their exposition, superbly sure in their technique. "England always seems to be winning the 'Liver Fluke' prize," one Briton remarked somewhat testily at Venice this summer. But perhaps that is because the rest of the world is slowly catching up with England's documentarians while still lagging behind in this particular field.

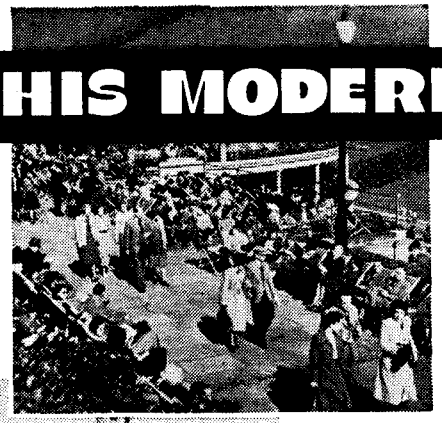
At the same time, British documentary* itself has been far from idle. "Trooping the Color," a Technicolor coverage of that ancient ceremony, is a particularly striking example of this knack for following-through on a process. "The Undefeated," a forty-minute documentary on paraplegic war veterans, brilliantly relates their suffering to the Government, to their families, and to the public at large. Other British documentarians have traveled to the Gold Coast to make "Amenu's Child," a moving account of infant mortality there; to Malaya and Sardinia, throughout Africa and Australia, reporting back to the people at home the progress and problems of a changing world. In England's own educational pictures the bright cartooning of Halas and Batchelor makes learning a delight with such subjects as "County Council" and "As Old as the Hills," the story of fuel.

But America too has made a significant contribution to the European documentary film scene by establishing the motion picture division of ECA. Under the terms of the Marshall Plan 5 per cent of any nation's counterpart funds must be set aside to support ECA personnel and to publicize ECA's activities. One of the principal agencies for that publicity is film.

ECA pictures are made in Europe by European documentary directors, intended to explain to Europeans the aims and extent of Marshall Plan aid in their countries. In just about a year we have gotten a truly remarkable series of films, showing in detail the enormous work of reconstructing war-torn Europe, emphasizing with truth the contributions of the Europeans themselves. (See this week's FILM FORUM.)

If any one theme runs through the fact films of all Europe today, whether ECA-produced or not, it is land conservation and irrigation. Even more important than rebuilding the cities, even more important than the personal comfort of her people are the

*Most of these films are currently, or soon to be, released through the British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



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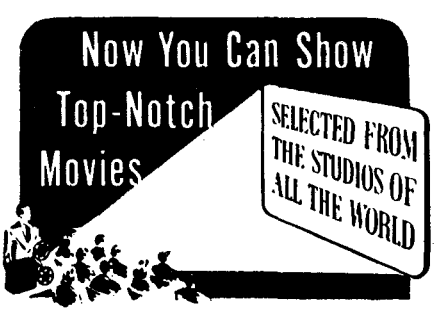
problems of restoring the land the war destroyed and making more fertile the land that remains.

In Europe today documentary has become a rallying point. National problems are expressed through film, public opinion is created through film, and the public receives the facts to reach an intelligent decision. Moving pictures have entered fully into the lives of all the people.

And there is no mistaking the enthusiasm of the Europeans themselves for these films. They are eager to know, eager to find out about their country and their neighbors. The Edinburgh Film Festival played repeatedly to sold-out houses. In Italy the villagers crowd around the visiting projector-trucks, eager to see this month's new fact films. In France and the Low Countries the Ciné-Clubs operate with increased vigor. The documentary has a regular place on the program of most of England's commercial movie houses. Europe in 1950 was fact hungry and film hungry. Documentary played a great part in appeasing that hunger.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Arthur Knight, a frequent SRL *film contributor, spent the past summer in Europe studying new trends in film production there.*



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The Film Forum

MARSHALL PLAN AT WORK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Forty-five of the ECA films Arthur Knight writes about in the preceding article have recently been made available to American audiences by the State Department. They are released through A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York City, and are available free of charge except for mailing costs. Produced and directed by outstanding European film-makers—John Ferno, Victor Vicas, Arthur Elton, and others—the films bring home the fact that Europeans and Americans alike stand to gain in many ways from a strong, healthy, and prosperous Europe. A complete listing of titles and other pertinent data is available from A. F. Films.*

Glen Burch, this week's guest reviewer, is executive director of the Film Council of America.

—C. S.

A NUMBER of films which report and interpret the contributions that the Marshall Plan has been making to the recovery of Europe are now released in this country through A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York City. It is an interesting and illuminating experience for an American to see them. Although a good many of the films are frankly newsreels, some depart radically from any formula, building a story around the people of a community as well as the constructive social changes that have been achieved by intelligent use of ECA funds.

"Village Without Water," for example, is a simple, unpretentious ten-minute film describing the effect of the building of an aqueduct in an impoverished Italian village. At first we see the dry, hot roads with the sun glinting harshly on the rocky, sparsely vegetated hills. The villagers must painstakingly hoard every drop of precious water brought in by barrel and jug. A funeral procession forms around a typhoid victim. People troop hopefully behind a man with a water divining rod, and there follows a poignant scene in which he works his wooden "wishbone" futilely over a patch of ground on a stony hillside while the crowd watches solemnly. Curiosity and skepticism greet the ECA representatives when they arrive with their plans for an aqueduct. Following busy scenes of ditchdigging and pipe laying the film ends dramatically with a celebration in which the first bubbles of water dance out of a brand-new fountain in the village square.

"Adventure in Sardinia" is an account of an all-out ECA-financed campaign to rid that malaria-ridden island of the dread disease-bearing mosquito. Early scenes show the effects of the disease on the economy and life of the island: up-ended boats of the fishermen rot on the shores; machinery rusts in the factory; malaria-racked victims shiver in their houses, and children wander alone in dark streets. Then the health mission moves in. Dividing the island into districts, they set teams of trained people to work with DDT equipment to begin a systematic spraying of every damp building, pond, and pool which might harbor the insects. The first mass effort to root out the breeding spots is only partially successful, and a new drive is organized to carry the campaign to the remotest parts of the island. Swamps are drained and mountains scaled for rainfall pockets. The picture closes joyously as the beaming villagers hear no new cases of malaria have been reported. The people dance in the streets, and a mother opens her window over a sleeping child.

A variety of subjects is covered in the forty-five films, each of them stressing the individual's stake in his nation's recovery. The organization of a 4-H Club by the children of an Austrian village is movingly described in the film entitled **"Project for Tomorrow."** **"People of Vena Fro"** brings us directly into contact with the bleak, hard lives of the residents of a small village in Southern Italy and indicates what an ECA-aided irrigation project will mean to the reclamation of lands "infertile for 2,000 years." In **"Rice and Bulls"** we get the story of a tough old cattleman in Southern France when he is brought to recognize the importance of putting a part of his land into rice-growing.

"Island of Faith" gives a vivid picture of Holland's struggle to reclaim a section of the lowlands flooded during the German occupation. **"Fuel Lines to Italy"** shows the course taken by Middle East oil to the Italian peninsula; pipe-lines, refineries, and oil tanks remind us how rapidly with Marshall Plan aid Europe is becoming a replica of the industrial United States. Modern trucks laden with building supplies flow in strangely out-of-place caravans past the ruined Coliseum.

These films are excellent documentaries in and of themselves and deserve to be widely seen in this country. Some of us may be inclined to debate the merits of the ECA program, to question the values of any particular project in the total reconstruction of Europe, and to wonder if the films adequately explain to the taxpayer how his dollars are being spent. But there can be no doubt that the films are very useful in promoting what we like to call international understanding, for they give us vivid insight into the ways of life and problems of other lands.

—GLEN BURCH.

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

For a copy of the list of SRL Film Referral Libraries please write to Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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TEN NEW TALENTS

(Continued from page 9)

English literature at Brown University.

He describes the agonizing difficulty of the penniless Southern Negro to become an educated man. His protagonist is not strong enough to succeed without damaging his moral nature—in fact the only fault to find with this book is that the cards are stacked against him from the beginning.

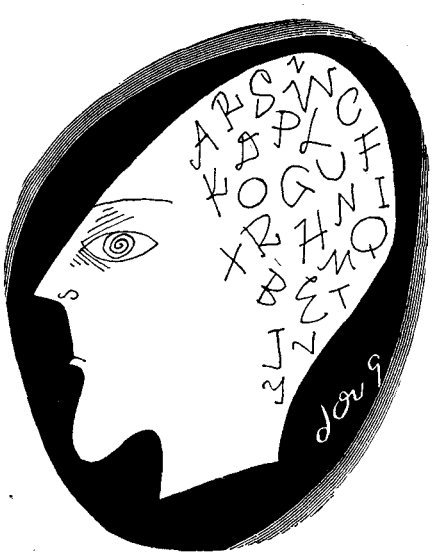
Brendan Gill's "The Trouble of One House" (Doubleday) is concerned with preoccupation with death in a prosperous Connecticut family. The victim of this obsession has been beautiful, and her protracted illness gradually centers upon her bed the thoughts and activities of the household. Sex in a macabre way also intrudes upon the scene. The dying lady's husband is a doctor who in a gloomy manner has his extra-marital adventures, and the nurse is "a convenience for various men." It seems entirely fitting that the dying woman's sister should be in love with the doctor and married to an undertaker.

"The Outlander" (Whittlesey) by a Canadian writer, Germaine Guevremont, is a story of French Canadians who lived on the St. Lawrence forty years ago. It is written with an apparently artless simplicity that conceals the author's purpose of revealing the conflict between the dual nature of man as symbolized by the adventurer whose forefathers had been hunters and traders and the farmer-landholder whose people had tilled their fertile acres since the days of the kings of France. The book has the fascination of a legendary way of life that has been lost to North Americans, except in remote corners of the continent, the close contact with neighbors and family, nature's beneficence and savagery, and complete isolation from the rest of the world.

"Red Bone Woman" (John Day) comes from another remote but less fertile countryside. A first novel by Carlyle Tillery, a Southerner, it is the story of a strange race problem which involves a Louisiana farmer and a woman from a group of Spanish whites who are suspected of inheriting colored blood. A hard-working, tough race, they live a self-contained and not unhappy existence. A middle-aged widower is attracted by a daughter of the "Red Bones" and needing a woman to look after him on his remote farm marries her. When he is convinced one day that Tillie's high color comes from Indian and not Negro ancestors he leads a singlehanded fight to secure for his own children and those of Tillie's people the social and educational rights of the community. It would be difficult to find a novel in which the old story of prejudice and violence against an alien group is told with more sympathy, insight, and tenderness.

IT IS of course arbitrary to limit the number of promising new talents revealed in 1950 to only ten; but a line must be drawn somewhere. There are at least fifteen other authors who published such fine books that they deserve at least a mention in any comprehensive survey. Without any attempt to list them according to merit, they are:

"The Injustice Collectors," by Louis Auchincloss (Houghton); "The House of Breath," by William Goyen (Random); "Face of a Hero," by Louis Falstein (Harcourt); "The Barkeep of Blémont," by Marcel Aymé (Harper); "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," by Tennessee Williams (New Directions)—a first novel, although the author is a well-established playwright; "The Plenipotentiaries," by H. J. Kaplan (Harper); "The Cannibal," by John Hawkes (New Directions); "The Mill on the Po," by Riccardo Bacchelli (Pantheon); "The Encounter," by Crawford Power (Sloane); "Beetlecreek," by William Demby (Rinehart); "A Woman of Means," by Peter Taylor (Harcourt); "Top of the World," by Hans Ruesch (Harper); "A Wreath and a Curse," by Donald Wetzel (Crown); "Heart of a Queen," by J. Delves-Broughton (McGraw-Hill); "Brave Company," by Guthrie Wilson (Putnam).



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PERSONAL HISTORY

(Continued from page 22)

mostly of Mr. Argus himself, a civilized citizen, who is more amused than saddened by his own imperfections and by the failings of his compatriots in Moscow-on-the-Hudson.

Maurice Hindus, who was born in Russia himself, is the author of "Red Bread," "Mother Russia," and other books. His novel, "Magda," has just been published.

The Doña Was Valiant

A VARIETY OF FALLON. By Carlos Fallon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 276 pp. $3.

By HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE author of this entertaining story of a fabulous family and of his own remarkably varied career was born in Colombia's lofty and legendary capital of Bogotá and grew up in New Orleans, where his father was consul. He has been for some time a citizen of the United States and is one of our most popular lecturers.

To read his book is to understand why people enjoy listening to him talk. For material he has an enormously rich ancestral background plus his own gift for getting into and out of all kinds of situations. He is a raconteur of rare talent, with an unfailing sense of humor.

In the eighteenth century an Irish engineer and physician, whose education had been looked after by none other than Chateaubriand, went to Colombia in search of emeralds. He met and fell in love with a beautiful girl of Castilian ancestry, and there have been Fallons in Colombian history ever since. As if this Irish-Spanish mixture were not enough, the Fallons of Colombia lay claim to descent on the maternal side from Ximinez de Quesada, one of the bravest of the conquistadores, who founded Bogotá, and his Indian sweetheart, Mariquita. One of the most charming chapters in the book concerns this romance, which has lost nothing, one may be sure, in its frequent retelling.

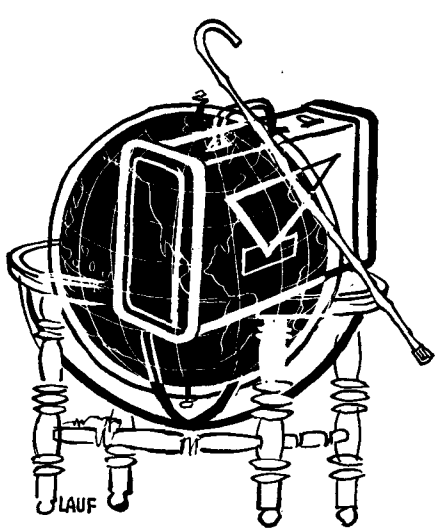
This Don Diego, who frequently forgot his official duties as consul to pursue research in his own field, was sure he ran his family, but it was Doña Blanquita, the mother, who settled all questions of importance, a typically Spanish situation treated with quiet humor by Carlos. In fact the Fallons would not now have a North American branch if it had not been for Doña Blanquita's determination that her children were to enjoy the freedom of this country. She not only arranged to have her husband appointed consul without asking his permission but also floated the family down the Magdalena river on a raft, a nautical feat otherwise unknown in modern history.

In New Orleans Carlos and his brother Eduardo learned much about life. Eduardo had a way with the girls, but Carlos somehow got the blame in such matters, and his father finally decided to send him to Spain to study in a Dominican monastery, probably to become a priest. But Doña Blanquita thought he would make a better sailor, so he was signed on the Spanish bark *Isabel* as an apprentice.

Carlos came back to this country from his Colombian tour of duty after a variety of incredible adventures, especially in the Leticia trouble with Peru, expecting to try for a lieutenant colonel's commission in the Army Transport Service. But in spite of the fact that he was by then married and the father of two children the redoubtable Doña Blanquita decided he was to enlist as a private. When she commanded Carlos obeyed. Before his military service was over he had become a citizen of the United States, a captain in the Air Force Intelligence Division, and was widely known as a lecturer. One of his jobs was to take care of Latin American officers here under instruction.

There are too many stories of too many kinds in this book for any reviewer to do more than suggest the contents. The earlier chapters are better put together, more solid, and more interesting than the later ones. But the gay and likable personality of the author gives all his yarn-spinning an unusually attractive quality.

Herschel Brickell served as cultural relations officer at the U. S. Embassy in Colombia during World War II.



Personal History Notes

KAHLIL GIBRAN: A Biography, by Mikhail Naimy. Philosophical Library. $3.75. Poet, mystic, philosopher, artist, Kahlil Gibran, was born in 1883 in Bisharri, Lebanon, and died in New York in St. Vincent's Hospital, April 1931. His books written in Arabic and English are popular among the intellectual circles of the Near and Middle East, and around his person legends are growing. Like all other mystics Kahlil Gibran occupied himself during his lifetime with problems of God, Evil, Life, Death, and the Hereafter. But like others before him he did not come to any definite conclusion.

Despite the fact that a number of his books were published in America his philosophical mysticism made no durable impression except on the small circles clustering around him to whom he was a prophet. He never understood the American way of life, which, with his own personal problems and complications, tired him; he died at the peak of his creative work. His sister Mariana brought his body back to his native soil, for burial in a magnificent tomb at Mar-Sarkees.

Mikhail Naimy, who was a friend and a life co-worker of Gibran's and who in 1932 returned from the United States to Lebanon, wrote this biography based on information taken from the published works of Gibran. It recounts Gibran's family life and that of his friends. This is not a critical biography but rather a loosely composed story crowded with intimate pictures and often exaggerated gossip and observations and, at times, inaccurately noted facts. Sentimentalism and regrets after a lost comrade hold together the short chapters of this book, full of exclamations, insinuations, and laments.

One regrets that Mr. Naimy, who is a good writer, did not succeed in picturing more realistically and deeply the environment of the Maronite sect to which the family of Kahlil Gibran belonged and also the intellectual circles in America where these two friends lived and acted. If he had done so he would have had a more complete and interesting sketch of his hero and the book would have had more value. Instead, we have only some fairly effective fragments of the prophet's life.

The figure of Kahlil Gibran is waiting for an objective biography which will take as a base the facts of his life and properly throw light on his role in the Arabic world. In the meantime we shall have to be satisfied with the novelistic reminiscences of Mr. Naimy, written with passion.

—ANTONI GRONOWICZ.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

Concertone. Since November [*SRL* Nov. 28] I've been able to try out the Concertone tape recorder at home. The first one I got was a lemon—but lemons happen in every manufacturing process. Two replacements have been OK. Engineering opinion is very favorable to this electronic circuit, which gives excellent wide-range quality (two speeds) for the money; mechanically, the Concertone is ingenious, farsightedly designed, reasonably foolproof and very flexible. Some skimping on knobs, etc. Drive motor is weakish; professional hysteresis motor available at extra, for precision work. Editing arrangements are somewhat clumsy but other professional features are good. This is the machine for hi-fi enthusiasts, educational work needing wider tone range than usual home machines. About $400.

HINDEMITH AND THE BACH SONS

HINDEMITH: KONZERTMUSIK FOR PIANO, BRASS, AND HARPS; "TRAUERMUSIK" (viola and orch.) Artur Balsam, pf.; Walter Gerhart, viola; Concert Hall Orch., Goehr.
Concert Hall LP: CHS 1067

HINDEMITH: KONZERTMUSIK FOR BRASS AND STRINGS; CONCERTINO FOR HORN AND ORCH. Vienna Symphony, Haefner; Franz Koch, horn.
Period LP: SPLP 515

▶ Smaller companies continue to issue LP records that challenge the best in the world. The Concert Hall Hindemith is good but not tops due to annoying flutter in the piano solo, crackly surface—even so, a basically fine recording. The Period disc is absolutely first rate, with superb brass sonorities, fine "edge," ideal liveness for the music. The horn recording is the finest of that instrument I have ever heard (and it is notoriously hard to record).

▶ A remarkable collection of major Hindemith. The two Konzertmusiks are related but unlike in mood and structure; the first is contemplative, sustained, with much solo piano, harp, sparely striking use of brass; the second is more severe, tense, with darkly brilliant brass sonorities, typical dotted rhythms, fugal passages. The horn concerto is more gracious, lyric, with astonishing horn writing—an unexpected *Sprechstimme* voice half way through. A wealth of material here, beautifully presented.

J. C. BACH; SINFONIA CONCERTANTE IN E FLAT (two violins & oboe).
K.P.E. BACH: SINFONIAS #1 IN D, #3 IN C. Vienna Symphony, Guenther.
Bach Guild LP: BG 504

K.P.E. BACH: SINFONIAS #1 IN D, #3 IN C; PIANO CONCERTO IN A MINOR. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda; F. Holletschek, piano.
Westminster LP: WL 50-40

K.P.E. BACH: SONATA IN D MINOR.
J. S. BACH: "SHEEP MAY SAFELY GRAZE" (arr.); ADAGIO; ORGAN TOCCATA IN C. Dorothy Eustis, piano.
Artist LP: 501 (10″)

▶ To meet Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach in this form is a memorable experience. One reads of his incalculable influence in the mid-18th century; here at last is living proof of the depth and power of this musical mind. He never gave in to the early *galant* friperies, as did the younger J. C.; his music retains the richly structural harmonies of his father's day, foreshadows late Mozart and Beethoven, the latter abundantly suggested in K.P.E.'s woodwind writing, and adds a highly personal romanticism that will astonish you.

▶ The Piano Concerto, newly uncovered, is a powerfully gracious work, more personal than Haydn or Mozart. The Sinfonias, semi-overture style, have deeply emotional slow movements, J. S. Bach combined with Haydn. The sonata, intelligently played by Eustis, also has a Haydn feeling with the solidity and harmony of Bach, the elder.

▶ Johann Christian Bach's Sinfonia Concertante, in a then common form (even to the key, E flat), is amiable, *galant*, harmonically thin, but melodically charming. It steals Gluck's "Che faro" in the second movement. Rather musicological playing.

▶ Someone scooped someone on the K.P.E. Bach Sinfonia duplication. Swoboda's are tenser; better styled playing; both are acceptable, both superbly recorded.

POPS AND POTPOURRI

LEROY ANDERSON: "CLASSICAL JUKE BOX."
KABALEVSKY: "THE COMEDIANS." Boston Pops Orchestra, Fiedler.
RCA Victor LP: LM 1106

"TWILIGHT CONCERT #2." Columbia Symphony, Rodzinski. (Franck, Offenbach, Prokofiev, Glière, Debussy, Gershwin, etc.)
Columbia LP: ml 4337

▶ These two are unusually alike in sound—for RCA and Columbia! Both have big, soft liveness, both are wide range but with good, unobtrusive highs, not too brassy. This Columbia (and other recent ones) would seem to have less sharply pre-emphasized highs than of old—more like RCA's. Good. Both are fine jobs.

▶ Anderson writes pure froth—yet he's a good musician and his stuff is genuine and highly amusing. The "Juke Box" hilariously combines "Music, Music," with truncated fragments of well-known works plus swooshing nickels, needles stuck in grooves. The "Twilight Concert #2" is again well conducted, for most part serious, ranging from Gershwin to Franck. Nice.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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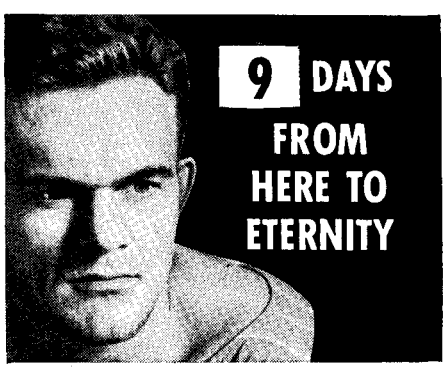

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CHILDREN NEED HEROES

IN THE New York Public Library February has been for many years the month when the heroes of history and literature were presented to the children through storytelling and reading aloud in the children's rooms. The record of heroes ranges all the way from the Finnish Kalevala and the Persian Shah Nameh to the men in the two world wars who gave up their lives in the defense of freedom. In our newspapers today we read of heroes in the desolate, snow-bound mountains of Korea, of a young American girl who died in trying to save a baby from a burning airplane, of devoted scientists who risk their lives in the service to medicine and to atomic energy.

The response of boys and girls to the qualities that make a hero is universal in all periods of time and under all circumstances. In the old days heroic deeds were told only to small groups. The means of communication were limited. Today the means of communication are so developed that we can see as well as hear and read the hero stories, if television can be persuaded to project them on a screen. We know through books that their appeal has never failed. The world badly needs a new hero—a great leader. Perhaps if we use the new mediums to tell the story of heroes, both ancient and modern, the qualities that make a hero will become more apparent to the youth of America.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

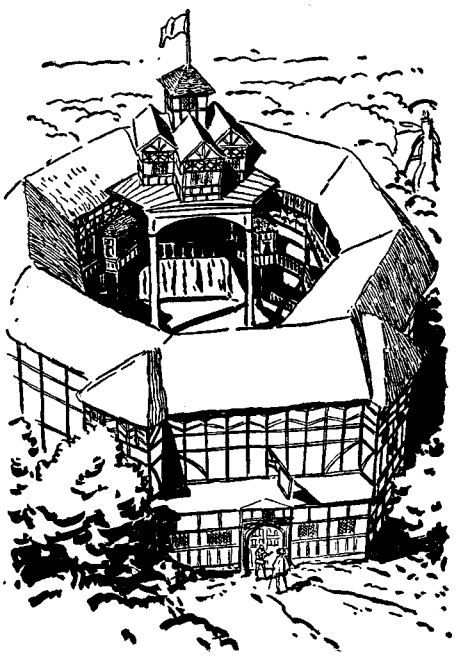
ABRAHAM LINCOLN: Friend of the People. By Clara Ingram Judson. Pen drawings by Robert Frankenberg. Kodachromes of the Chicago Historical Society's Lincoln Diorama. Chicago: Wilcox and Follett Co. 208 *pp.* $3.

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON is known to many boys and girls for her stories of children of other countries who came to America. Her story of Abraham Lincoln follows history closely though it is in a fictionized form. She uses the Kentuckly dialect in the talks between little Abe and his father so well that when you read it aloud you can hear the soft Kentucky voices.

The first part of the book is the best, which is perhaps natural in a study of Lincoln for younger boys and girls. Tom Lincoln and Nancy Hanks are much clearer as characters than Mary Lincoln. The childhood really recreates both place and people. The later life is more conventional. The book is an attractive one in format, illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings reproduced in black-and-white and with reproductions in full color of Lincoln's life as the scenes appear in the Lincoln diorama in Chicago. It would be a good book to send abroad to children who know little about the greatest of Americans.

ALLAH, THE GOD OF ISLAM. By Florence Mary Fitch. Illustrated with photographs selected by Beatrice Creighton and the author. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 144 *pp.* $3.

PHOTOGRAPHS of rare beauty draw one immediately to this book by an author known and loved for her two previous books: "Their Search for God" and "One God." The same warmth, depth, and understanding characterize this book, in which Florence Mary Fitch tells of the beginnings of Islam, its contribution to the world, and its followers today. The author shows the Moslem faith as it is expressed in art, in architecture, in music, and in its festivals and daily existence, making her story truly one of Moslem life and worship. A chapter on Islam in India and Pakistan and one on Islam in Palestine brings the book into later world history.



—*From "King's Company."*

Mohammedanism is little known to the Western world. We should be grateful to Miss Fitch for her penetrating interpretation of the five pillars of Islam: faith, prayer, fasting, almsgiving, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. We should be grateful, too, for her belief in the kinship of all great religions. Whatever his faith the reader will find Islam closer to his own than he expected—for all the faithful would agree with the good Moslem that "prayer is the expression of continuous living with God." We would all understand the Moslem's words: "The earth is a mosque; therefore where ever the time of prayer reaches thee, there pray."

Because of its understanding and its breadth of view this book will help young and old not only to a conception of Islam but of all the Moslem countries and their people, recently awakened, who may well recover tomorrow a leadership which was theirs in their glorious past.

—BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

WASHINGTON ADVENTURE. By Stockton Banks. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: Whittlesey House. 191 *pp.* $2.50.

THE TIME of this lively and interesting story is the year 1800, the place the new capital at Washington. The hero, David Cameron, is a Scotch boy who has come to join an older brother and to become with him a citizen of these United States. Robert Cameron is kidnaped by a "land shark," one of a group of criminals who are trying to get an illegal hold on the real estate of the new city. David, his young friend Tom Moore, and little Peggy McDonald help to rescue Rob and to turn the criminals over to the law.

The background of Georgetown and Alexandria, the visit to Madam Washington at Mount Vernon, and the entry into the capital of President Adams are all brought to life through David's eyes. It is a good story in a setting that will have a special appeal to young Americans.

KING'S COMPANY. By Frank Ernest Hill. Drawings by Addison Burbank. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 294 *pp.* $2.75.

ON PAGE sixty-five of this absorbing story there is a drawing by Addison Burbank of the Globe Theatre in London in the year 1604.

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Roger Darrell, the hero, worked there as a stage designer and even as a common laborer, although he was the son of a nobleman. Roger's struggle to do creative work against his father's opposition is the first of his many problems. Later on he meets and protects a red-headed lad who plays the part of Rosalind in "As You Like It" and of course this same lad turns out to be the heiress Diane Hardie, trying to escape a distasteful marriage—another of Roger's problems.

Throughout the book the troubles of a clever, daring, and bewitching heroine and a hero who has admirable qualities are resolved against a memorable background — London decorated with great triumphal arches made by the leading artists of the day to welcome a new king, the court at Westminster watching the first production of Shakespeare's plays, the hustle and bustle of "behind the scenes" at the Globe Theatre with Shakespeare himself a convincing personality, a trial scene at Westminster with King James as judge and Diane as the defendant. Into all this Mr. Hill manages to bring the value of the plays in plot and character and wording. In the scenes which describe rehearsals one gets a new sense of their power.

This is an excellent historical tale, obviously based on a thorough knowledge of its subject. It is also an appealing and convincing adventure story.

COLT OF DESTINY: A Story of the California Missions. By Alida Malkus. Illustrations by Manning de V. Lee. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 244 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is the story of how Don Jaime Otero caught and tamed Starlight, a descendant of the Arabian mare Tamiri, brought to the North American continent by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. The Franciscan missions in California are the background; Jaime and Starlight help Father Junipero Serra and the others when the missions are threatened by the Indians. It is one of The Land of the Free Series, with the usual attractive format and excellent illustrations.

SPRING COMES RIDING. By Betty Cavanna. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 198 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is the kind of story that Betty Cavanna writes so well—the story of a sixteen-year-old girl who faces herself and decides what kind of person she wants to be. Meg Sanderson is the second of five daughters in a closely-knit family with a charming, understanding father and mother. The oldest girl, Johanna, is very pretty and definitely "a daughter of Eve." Meg is sensitive, honest, and ambitious. Her problem is to gain the social ease and poise that come so naturally to Joanna and to develop along her own lines. Two young men, each attractive in his own way, come in to the story.

The background is the countryside near Philadelphia, that is more or less dominated by a group of "riding and hunting" people. Meg's relationship with the palomino that she has under her care illuminates another phase of her struggle for self-expression. It is an honest story and a very interesting one.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: Daughter of an Empress. By Marguerite Vance. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 159 *pp.* $2.50.

A BIOGRAPHY of a beautiful princess who becomes a famous queen cannot but appeal to the average girl. In this book Miss Vane has shown both the privileges and the dangers of such exalted positions.

At eleven years of age Marie Antoinette was told of her betrothal to Louis, the Dauphin of France. At fourteen she left her beloved Austria and her empress mother to travel to France to meet her prince. Louis was a fat, dull boy interested only in his workshop. To cover her disappointment and her boredom with the formal court procedures Marie began to spend great sums of money. The nobility were affronted by her disregard for the court and its ceremonies. At first the French people responded enthusiastically, but as debts mounted and bread grew scarce this reaction was followed by a steadily growing hatred of "the Austrian."

Louis cared little for finances and neither advised nor restrained his Queen's extravagances. Finally, startled by the open disrespect and hatred of the people, the young Queen checked her spending. But it was already too late. Troubles beset her on all sides. Her oldest son died. The Paris mob marched on the Bastille and later on the palace itself. The King and Queen were literally prisoners. Marie's sorrow was complete when her second son was taken away from her and so indoctrinated that he testified against her at her trial. At the age of thirty-six the luckless Queen rode bravely to the guillotine.

Young readers will enjoy this book. They will come to understand the forces that opposed the monarchy as well as the position of the nobles and the King. They will be fascinated and appalled by the young Queen's reckless, selfish lack of concern for her people. The sad later years point up

Marie's growth in responsibility and humility. In additon to presenting a fascinating story this book will increase the young reader's understanding and appreciation of the freedoms we now enjoy.

—MARIAN RAYBURN BROWN.

THE GREENWOOD TREE, A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Written and illustrated by Edward and Stephanie Godwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 178 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS fictionalized biography presents a very definite picture of Shakespeare and his life. He talks and works, suffers and loves much like the boy next door. The reader comes to feel well acquainted with the hero, his lovely mother, his kind but impractical father, and the patient Anne Hathaway.

The story opens in the little town of Stratford on the Avon River. Young William is seen in his own "long, half-timbered house, with diamond-paned windows, and a green lawn behind with great apple trees far older than the house, and a garden fairly stuffed with vegetables and flowers." The boy's exciting meeting with the traveling players is stated to have occurred when he was seven years old and his father was high bailiff or mayor of the town. Will's love of learning, the swift decline in the family finances, his apprenticeship in the slaughter yards, his marriage, the poaching charges, and the flight to London and the theatre are all presented as if precise information on these years were available. There are interesting glimpses of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, Ben Jonson, and King James of Scotland, as well as descriptions of the theatre, the actors, and the plays themselves.

The authors' treatment of Shakespeare is most sympathetic, and their research and knowledge of sixteenth-century England is excellent. Very few of the details of Shakespeare's life are

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left to the reader's imagination. He emerges from this volume with few faults, no excesses, and little of the mystery and excitement which have long covered the missing details of his life. The authors speak of "giving an authentic account of his career, especially from the intellectual and spiritual points of view." In so doing something of the vigor and heartiness long associated with Shakespeare has been lost.

As historical fiction this book is excellent. As biography it has perhaps filled in too many details that cannot be documented. With so few facts about his life available, it seems unfair to uncritical young people to present this as the exact story of Shakespeare's life. —M. R. B.

Books for Hobbies

THE BOOK OF AMAZING FACTS. By Jerome S. Meyer. Illustrated by William G. Johnson. Cleveland: The World Publishing Co. 186 *pp.* $2.

Mr. Meyer divides this collection of facts about things, people, and places into eight categories: Science, Nature, People, Buildings, Transportation, Literature, Sports, and Miscellaneous. Each "fact" is illustrated with a drawing. It is an informing collection. Boys and girls who want to be a social success will find it invaluable.

FIRST CHEMISTRY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Alfred Morgan. Illustrated by Bradford Bannitt and Terry Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 179 *pp.* $2.75.

Mr. Morgan begins his book by saying, "This book is for anyone who wants to learn more about the workings of the world in which we live and to have fun while doing it." Clear and informal in its approach, attractively illustrated with many black-and-white drawings and diagrams, it certainly proves that one can learn a good deal, enjoying it thoroughly as the facts penetrate and the proof arrives. Mr. Morgan's suggestion of forming young chemists clubs will appeal to older boys and girls, and the materials needed for the experiments are simple and easy to procure. This is one of the best of the year's hobby books.

—From "First Chemistry for Boys and Girls."

EVERYDAY MACHINES AND HOW THEY WORK. By Herman Schneider. Pictures by Jeanne Bendick. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a book that should have a wide appeal to younger boys and girls. It helps them to realize that every day of their lives they are using "machines" that are the result of patient research and wide experimentation by scientists and inventors. Through it and through Jeanne Bendick's lively diagrams and drawings they can see the why of fountain pens, coffee percolators, vacuum cleaners, and dozens of other familiar things. Dedicated to "Nina, distrustful of machines," this book should create in the younger generation a far more intelligent use of them.

REMO BUFANO'S BOOK OF PUPPETRY. Edited and Compiled by Arthur Richmond. Drawings by Remo Bufano. New York: The Macmillan Co. 232 *pp.* $3.

In an unusual foreword called "The Puppet's Tale" Arthur Richmond gives a short history of the art of the marionette, beginning with the origin of the word itself—"inspired by the little statues of the Virgin Mary sometime during the Middle Ages." He traces their long story through the East and in the European countries and their coming to America with the immigrants. After this foreword, which has great charm as well as erudition, the main body of the book is made up of Remo Bufano's directions and drawings for the preparation and production of a puppet play. Four full plays are given: "Mr. Rabbit's Easter Jamboree," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Cinderella," and "Pinocchio." It is the textbook of a master in a delicate and popular art.

THE PICTURE BOOK OF CHEMISTRY. By Jerome S. Meyer. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 40 *pp.* $2.

This is the fifth of a series of science books that have been produced for younger boys and girls by this author and artist. It has many illustrations in two colors and attractive end papers in black-and-white. Like the others it offers facts in a format that will appeal to little children.

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LONELY, YOUNG PROFESSOR, small college, provincial town, will welcome all correspondents. Box 933-E.

YOUNG WOMAN, on maternity leave from a national magazine, desires typing job at Manhattan home. Manuscript or straight typing. Competent work assured. Telephone: PLaza 5-1239, or Box 937-E.

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M.A.L.S. male, junior college experience, seeks library position for summer. Box 946-E.

SLIGHTLY OLD SECRETARY, enjoying gaiety, companionship, honesty, humor, seeks correspondence. Box 778-E.

CULTURED, CHARMING WOMAN wishes to correspond with an interesting, intelligent mature man of highest integrity. Box 780-E.

LONELY, SINCERE, but sensibly mature male would welcome a letter from a similarly constituted female. Box 781-E.

TRAVELER, do you want a companion? I am a bachelor, aged 45 years, pleasant personality, strictly confidential. Box 783-E.

YOUNG EDUCATIONAL FILM PRODUCER in world-renowned university, seeks correspondence with agreeable young teacher. Box 784-E.

YOUNG MAN, interested in living life completely, invites intrepid, stimulating correspondence. Box 785-E.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN, moderately cultured, invites correspondence with either sex. Box 789-E.

YOUNG FEMALE would like young male to correspond. Box 790-E.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE, world-traveler, a kid at heart who loves the seas and the airways, and worships the sun and moon, would correspond with charming, radiant, young lady who is really "on the ball." Box 796-E.

YOUNG LADY with rich imagination and interest in the consequences of death write to me. Box 797-E.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN in unfamiliar city, desires correspondence with lady. Box 798-E.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

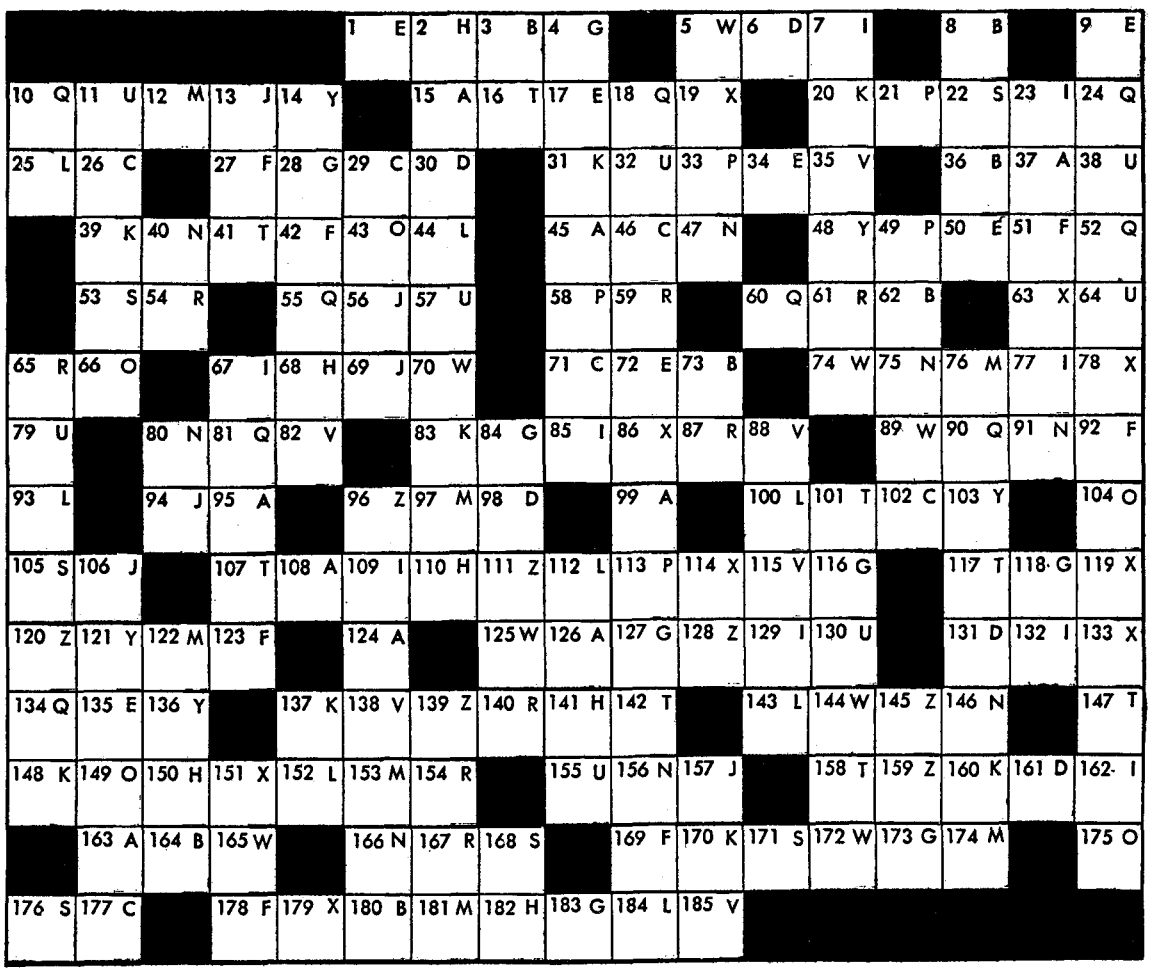
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Designating three special orations of Demosthenes, 349 B.C.	124 108 95 126 45 37 99 163 15
B. Battle in the Peninsular War, Nov. 1813 (British under Wellington won over French under Marshal Soult; with "The").	164 8 180 73 36 3 62
C. Moonflower whose alkaline juice is used to coagulate latex.	102 26 46 177 71 29
D. Clownish servant to Valentine ("Two Gentlemen of Verona").	30 131 6 161 98
E. Irish poet and theater director (1896-1941; co-editor with Yeats).	72 1 50 9 17 34 135
F. Cheese for whose manufacture New York and Wisconsin are noted.	178 51 42 27 123 169 92
G. Known as the "Liberator of Chile" (1778-1842).	4 84 28 127 116 183 118 173
H. Sea males.	110 68 182 141 150 2
I. Put into effect (2 wds.; colloq.).	162 109 129 132 77 7 85 23 67
J. The first name of Gulliver ("Gulliver's Travels").	13 69 94 56 106 157
K. Miscellaneous.	31 39 83 148 137 20 160 170
L. To determine the species of (biol.).	25 93 112 184 44 152 100 143

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Declared or proved nonexistent.	153 97 76 122 174 181 12
N. English adventurer and writer, friend of Byron and Shelley in Italy (1792-1881).	40 146 47 156 91 80 75 166
O. A crossbeam (arch.).	175 66 104 149 43
P. An upholstery gimp or galloon.	33 21 113 49 58
Q. A bright star in Piscis Australis.	24 55 18 60 10 81 134 90 52
R. Haughty; showy (now humorous).	59 61 154 65 87 167 140 54
S. Prophet in the reign of Jehoiakim (Bib.).	168 105 53 171 22 176
T. Likes the taste of.	41 142 16 117 107 147 101 158
U. Pretenders to inspiration.	11 38 64 32 155 130 57 79
V. Filled in, as between scantling, with brickwork.	115 82 35 185 138 88
W. One who is aimlessly "on the go".	89 74 165 125 5 144 172 70
X. In a manner of drinking to excess.	133 19 151 114 179 86 119 78 63
Y. Suspicious; distrustful (slang).	48 121 136 103 14
Z. A beard of a few days' growth.	139 120 145 96 111 159 128

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 5 of this issue.

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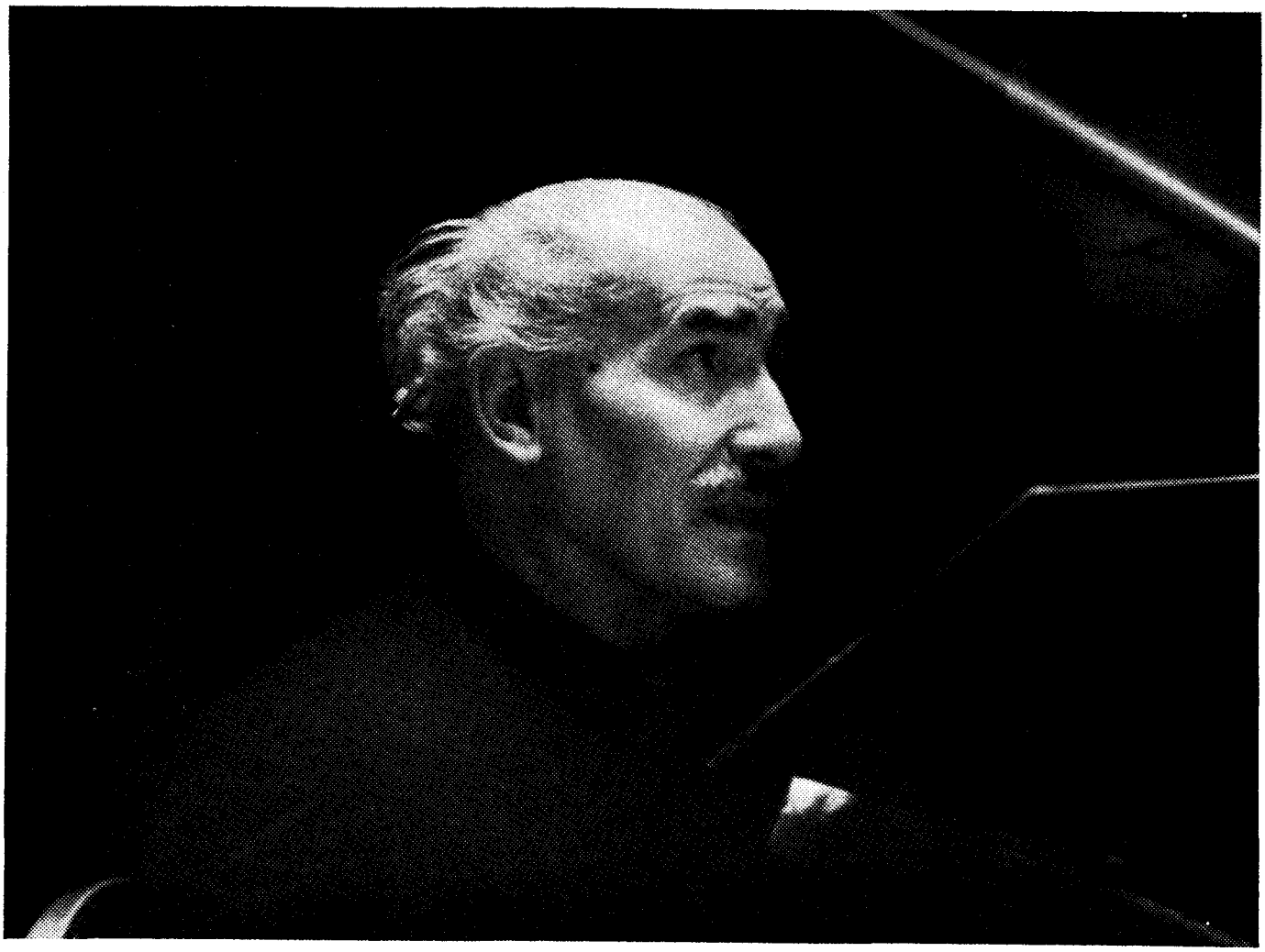

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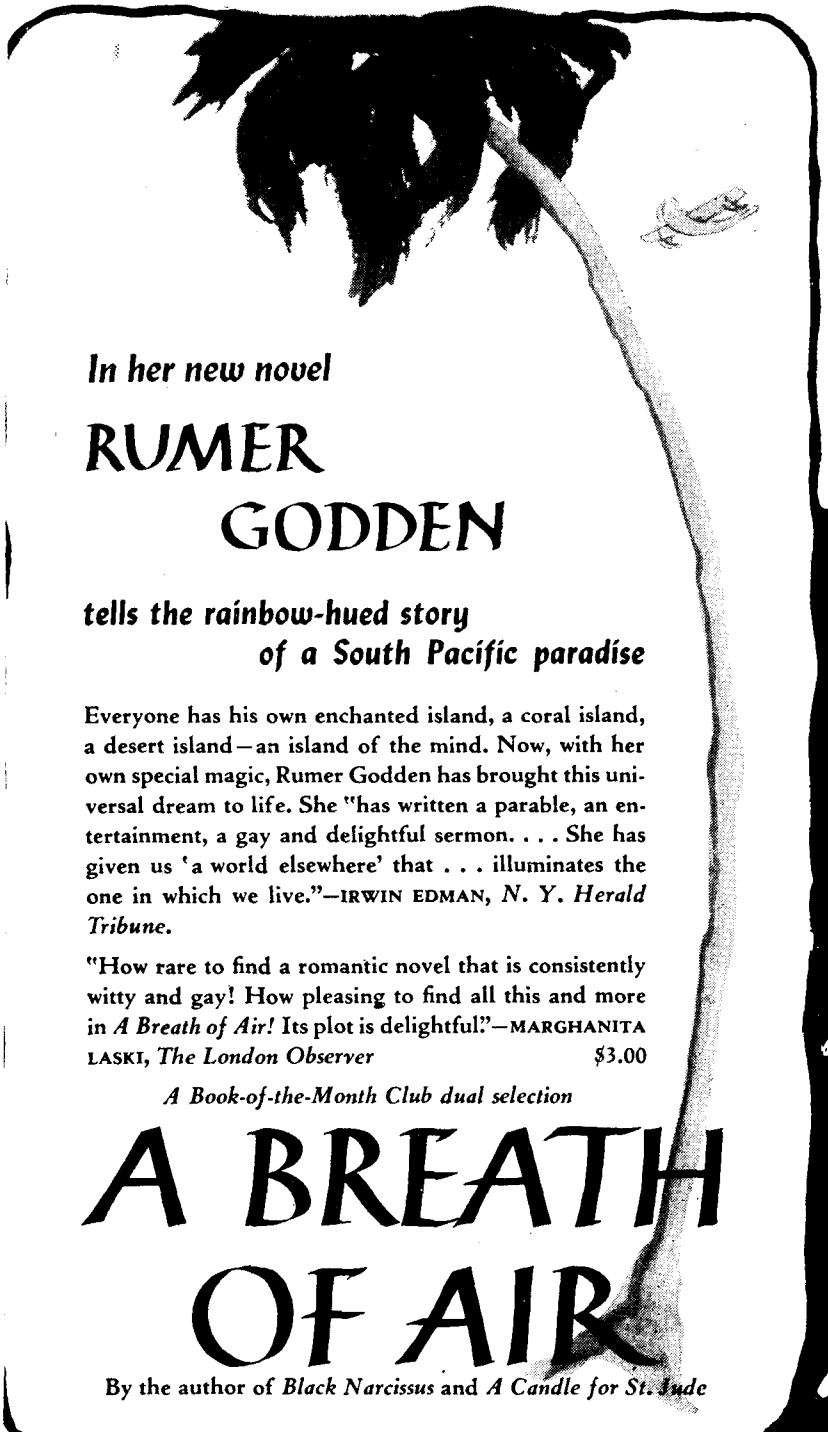

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